

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Elsewhere in this paper an article appears criticizing adversely "The clerical man of the world." The writer insists that more depends upon the unworlship of the clergyman than upon his mental training. He contrasts the well dressed and ready-spoken clerical man of the world with John the Baptist, who went about in a garment of camel's hair, and is of the opinion that while the former is attractive to fashionable people and may lead young club men occasionally to attend church, he falls to do any good or produce the awakening which is the precursor of the birth of a "new creature." All this may be true, but the writer makes the mistake of treating his subject as if the clergy were composed of but two classes, the unworship like John the Baptist, and the worldly, such as he describes as being given to athletics, afternoon teas, and occasional visits to the theater. Between these two exist a hundred different grades and varieties of clergymen, of all shades of holiness and worldliness; of unselfishness and meanness; of education and illiteracy; of devotion to the saving of souls and absorption in the saving of money; of love to God and cringing to gold; of ability and mediocrity; piety and pretense. It is unfair to group men of any profession into two classes which really represent the extremes only. While it may shock those who are unused to clerical men of the world to see them take a glass of wine at dinner or sit in a box at the theater, it must not be forgotten that faith in clergymen and in the glorious truths of which they speak may be quite as readily shaken by hearing over-zealous divines, hungry for notoriety, denouncing things of which they are ignorant and roundly abusing whole classes and sects as if they were, without exception, children of the devil.

The old-fashioned Puritan no doubt is deeply pained to see a clergyman playing football, yet his surprise and disgust are by no means as great as those of the broad-minded, well behaved, well bred and unselfish gentleman of equal piety who sees a minister of the gospel leading his friends and parishioners into some wild-cat colonization company, while denouncing clubs and ball-rooms as "gambling-hells and spawning-beds for brothels."

The clerical men of the world described by Mr. Drail are not very numerous, but the unworship pastor, like John the Baptist, is still more of a rarity. Outside of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic church, the real, true-hearted missionaries in dangerous countries and the poor over-worked and underpaid parson in small churches in country places, there are few unworship preachers, and even the exceptions keep a pretty sharp eye upon the temporalities. The system under which they and we live is not conducive to unworship, or, sad to say, to sincerity. The churches demand too much of the clergymen; so much, indeed, that I doubt if John the Baptist himself would be acceptable to the vast majority of them. To properly fill the bill the preacher must be learned, yet simple; graceful in his manners and pleasant and attractive in his speech, yet innocent of society; he must be able to preach against theaters without ever attending them; to denounce card-playing without knowing the difference between an ace and a ten-spot; to describe the allurements and dangers of the ball-room without being personally acquainted with anyone who has ever attended a well conducted dance; to minister to the sick, feed the poor, clothe the naked, yet be utterly careless of money and indifferent as to the amount of his salary or if it is ever paid. Sermons must be full of religious fervor, surpassing faith, scientific knowledge and modern thought; the preacher must be well dressed, but not foppish; he must be indefatigable in calling upon his parishioners, yet never attend an afternoon tea; he must denounce worldliness without offending the worldly; preach against covetousness, yet be careful not to drive away the rich; be instant in season and out of season in reproving drunkenness, yet must be conciliatory towards the brewer and distiller and the wealthy wine-bibber who subscribes so liberally to the support of the church; in fact, he must be an agile moral acrobat who can stand with his face looking both ways, able to blow hot or cold, or both, at an instant's notice. To seem to do these things he must be a hypocrite, as to do them is impossible. To please one extreme he must pretend to share their opinions; to please the other extreme he must denounce their opponents and side with them. It is thus hypocrites are made. The churches themselves are to blame for having driven so many of the ablest and sincerest preachers either out of the pulpit or into the practice of hypocrisy.

So long as socially or religiously or politically we insist upon the impossible, we must force people to pretend to be what they are not, or else drive them into complete rebellion against even those things that they ought to be and might be. If we were satisfied with sincere, rugged honesty and piety we would have a better and more honest class of spiritual advisers. If those who desired intellectual sermons grouped themselves together and had an intellectual pastor who would not be forced to pretend anything, they would have every reason to be satisfied. If those who want piety and unworship without regard to eloquence asked no more than that of their pastor, he would

not be forced to pretend anything. If society people and club-going people want an athlete for their pastor who does just as they do and pretends nothing else, I think the honesty and sincerity of it all far surpasses the pretentiousness of both preacher and people in those churches where a score of virtues are pretended and but few practiced.

Much more good can be accomplished by being natural, even if we are somewhat sinful, than by being unnatural and hypocritical, even if we are otherwise quite virtuous. The sin of the age is hypocrisy. It is leading the churches into an attitude which is so conspicuously opposed to the conduct of the individuals who make up the congregation, that it produces little or no effect upon the outside world but sharpening the bitter sneers of the scorner. Good deeds, after all, whether done by the pious in the name of religion or by the worldly because of his kindness of heart, are equally good, and it seems to me a dangerous thing to say that they are not equally appreciated by the God

claim or subscribing to a creed he does not understand in order to set a good example.

The clerical man of the world being too much of a gentleman to make odious comparisons, is attractive to the people who are usually used as a background. He leads them into the belief that religion is not an arbitrary thing that is to be only believed and professed with lugubriousness of countenance and heaviness of heart, but that it is something to be done; consists of duties to be performed, of sacrifices to be made, not only for one's own safety but for the good of others, and that these things really become pleasures not inconsistent with the life of business or conformity with the usages of society.

I think the clerical man of the world who at heart is sincere and well intentioned, does a great deal of good; much more good, indeed, than the clergyman who confines himself to the society of so-called saints and who preaches to wound the sinner rather than to console and

self-examination as to the soundness of my doctrines and the propriety of saying the things which heretofore have seemed to me entirely right. When I found that the sons were young boys, I felt that I had undertaken responsibilities that I had somehow thought I had been relieved from when I said good-bye to my sturdy class of lads in a Western academy. I see it is not so. Every man who writes for a paper, particularly for one that goes into a family, has something to do with the education of those who read, old and young, but mostly the young. I have never written a line that I did not believe to express the wholesome truth as it had to do with the subject in hand. But the subjects? Have they always been well chosen? I can't see where I have sinned, but I may have done so, and I make this suggestion of a possible influence upon the mind of the reader that I may unload some of the responsibility upon those who have youth in charge. I believe that knowledge, truth and sincerity are the great rules by which we should judge the propriety of an utterance

promises? What were the boys taught when they heard apologies made for flagrant wrongdoing and heard their parents urged to support, for party's sake, a government that was admittedly wrong, weak and wandering far away from patriotism? What are the school-teachers and non-Catholic preachers doing to teach the boys sturdy citizenship, when they dodge the truth, avoid unpleasant contacts and act as if it were the chief aim of man to get under the barn and not get hurt?

If we examine all the influences which are tending to make the characters of Canadian boys and girls, I think we will find that none of us are doing our whole duty and that some of those upon whom great responsibilities rest are doing infinite harm. It is certainly a subject worth thinking over with an idea of finding out just what share of what we say and do is in furtherance of Right and Truth and Sincerity, without regard to self-interest, prejudice or pique.

The victory in Cardwell for those opposed to the coercion of Manitoba, was in the nature of what the politicians call "a corker." Lying and hoodling, dodging and denying, and all the devices of the Government's brigade of trained vote-hunters were of no avail; and a commonplace horse-doctor with the somewhat plebeian name of Stubbs won the fight. Personally, no doubt, Mr. Stubbs is all right, but the contest, outside his circle of friends at least, had a larger meaning than the election or defeat of a man. A principle was at stake, and its acceptance or rejection affected the whole Dominion. It was accepted and notice served upon Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his outfit, that coercing Manitoba will not be endured by the Conservative party—all-powerful in Cardwell—or by the Independent and Liberal voters of Ontario. The fight to save the National school system has only begun. Those who are pleased with the Government's defeat in Cardwell should take pains to say so and identify themselves with such organizations as will make a steady and effective stand against the next move of Archbishop Langevin and his partners in the Ottawa Cabinet.

"Abajo los Englees! Abajo los Englees!" This is the patriotic slogan down at Caracas. How its echo from afar stirs the Yankee blood! "Abajo los Englees!" It sounds something like Los Angeles, Cal., and appeals to Yankee sentiment. The cry "Down with the English" has in times past been heard in many languages. It was raised by the hordes of Black John of Abyssinia when British troops saved white men of every country—including Yankees—from butchery. It was raised in Cairo and Alexandria when the Yankee marines arrived in time to avenge, along with Los Englees, but not soon enough to protect and save the Americans. It was raised in China a few months ago when Americans in hundreds flocked for protection to Los Englees. The Spaniards have cried it in South America and in North America too, against the pioneers who settled the Thirteen States. The Indians who owned North America cried it. The civilizing agency of Anglo-Saxonism has been met with this futile cry all around the world. And now we have turned upon ourselves—one-half the race upon the other half—crying, "Abajo los Englees!" It might well remind our neighbors of the cry of the Mexicans when Texas was being stolen from them, and later when the Yankees robbed them of California and forced their way to the City of Mexico, "Muerto los Gringos," which was answered by the fierce yell, "Remember the Alamo." Vainly they fought for their own; vainly they cried, "Death to the Yankees." Over Texas and California now float the Stars and Stripes, even though the citizen of the land of the Eagle and the Snake cries in his cups, "Muerto los Gringos." So 'twill be in Venezuela, which is not even armed with the justice of her cause; the people will shout "Abajo los Englees," and just the same the Union Jack will float over the territory claimed by England, and the result, as it was in Texas and California, will be for the good of those who will be taken from semi-civilization into the light and liberty of the greatest empire the sun ever shone on.

The Czarina of Russia, having decided to nurse her own baby, has, according to a foreign paper just to hand, set the women of her great domain quite wild with love and enthusiasm. We may say it takes little on the part of a royal personage to endear her or him to the simple people who revere royalty as semi-divine, yet we who lead simple and perchance happier lives away from the glitter of a court and its temptations must not forget that the maternity, if not the better part of the humanity of a woman is generally suppressed and chilled by the atmosphere of high-pressure social life. Royal women and the queens of society are born with the same impulses as are possessed by commoner folk of their sex, but as the paths of the high and the lowly soon begin to diverge, their natures begin to differ. Education and the demand made upon their time alike begin to make themselves felt, and infancy is scarcely left before those born to high places are made to recognize that their lives are to be lived for state and show. Queen Victoria, whose grand-daughter the Czarina is, was remarkable for her womanliness and has been loved by her subjects and esteemed by the world therefor as if she were an exception to the rule. Though she has been an exception among queens she has not been singular among women, for not one of us would admit that she has been a



BETHLEHEM.

who is good alike to the just and the unjust.

Is not orthodox religion devoting itself too much to forms and names and abstract dogmas, and too little to the doing of good, to being good, and to the saying of good things about our neighbors as well as in addressing our Maker? Is it not possible for people to be really good without saying so much about it? It seems to me that real virtue can shine quite brightly without continually giving it a background of the vice and misdoings of others. Those who lay claim to having organized within the churches all the good people, are apt to refer to the outsiders as not only doomed to perdition hereafter, but as very much in the road and excessively obnoxious and dangerous in this world. This sort of thing, besides being untrue, is rude and unfeeling, and exceedingly offensive to a man who is respected by his neighbors and considered a good member of society, even if he is not a member of a church. No one likes to be used as the black sheet upon which the white and gleaming glories of the church-member are to be continually flashed by the stereopticon of the pulpit, nor is a man improved by going to church to escape criti-

calism or by his pretentiousness frequently forces his hearer into unbelief concerning the truths of Christianity and of the sincerity of all its professors. Indeed, it is better to be a so-called clerical man of the world than really a clerical man of pretense or an apostle of the impossible. Of course the unworship man is better than either, but as he is so hard to get, let us have sincerity anyway, even if we find it in the plausibly inclined worldly rather than in the worldly inclined pretender to all that is good.

The other evening a gentleman who has long been an esteemed educationalist gave me the most appreciated and yet most alarming compliment I ever received. I have been writing for the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT for over eight years, and I am certain I never before took the liberty of repeating any compliments I may have received, though occasionally I have admitted the receipt of numerous criticisms and vigorous protests.

He said, "I am glad to meet you, Don. You are doing more than anyone else to educate my sons." I was flattered and frightened, and since then have been engaged in searching

for an act. I shall write in the future as in the past, and probably choose my subjects and make my measurements by the same rule, but I shall never forget the kindly-intentioned saying of the man who told me I was educating his boys.

If, however, I am to feel these responsibilities, there is no reason why I should not point them out to others who are doubtless equally sincere, though I believe them to be mistaken. What are the politicians and political writers of this country teaching the boys who watch them and read about them? Is Mr. Laurier doing his duty to the growing voter, who sees the leader of his father's party dodging issues and rhetorically splitting hairs in order to creep into power? Is Sir Mackenzie Bowell doing his duty to the youth of this country by prostrating himself, in faded Orange colors, at the feet of the Roman Catholic hierarchy? Are the Government leaders who were soundly whipped, politically, in Cardwell, free from the responsibility of supporting a man known to them to be untruthful and unscrupulous? What effect had they on the growing sons of the electors who were bribed or corrupted by





TWO PART STORY—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By ADELINE SERGEANT

Author of "Jacob's Wife," "Under False Pretenses," "John Brown's Christmas Hamper," Etc.  
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## CHAPTER III.

Jasper started up. "You here?" he cried.

"You!"

"I see you remember me," said Nora, with a rather nervous little smile.

"Of course I remember you. How do you come here? Do they know that you—that you—were living with Miss Warrington?"

He spoke sternly, as if he suspected her of evil, but Nora answered steadily enough.

"They don't know, and I want to ask you not to tell them. I am glad I have seen you alone for that very reason. I do not want them to know that I have been in Miss Warrington's house."

"Why?" said Jasper.

"They might think that I was unfriendly to them," she said, casting down her eyes.

"And you are not. You see what they are like for yourself. You don't agree with Miss Warrington? Couldn't you have persuaded her to see as you did, before you left?"

"She would not be persuaded by me, I am afraid," said Nora gravely, but her pale cheeks grew red and the corners of her mouth twitched a little. Jasper looked at her keenly and anxiously; he was as much concerned for the welfare of the Warrington family as if it had been his own. "I did my best," said Nora, with some hesitation.

"I am sure you did," said Jasper, offering her his hand with a hearty gesture of comradeship. "So you have left her? It is a curious coincidence that you should have come here, is it not? I hope you will be happy and comfortable."

"I mean to be very busy," said Nora, recovering her usual brightness of manner. "I want to learn all manner of things, and to help Mrs. Warrington as much as I can. And you won't tell them—will you?—where you met me first."

"I promise," said Jasper, with an answering smile. "I hope Miss Warrington did not vent her indignation at my interference on you?"

Nora shook her head. "She was not indignant. You don't quite understand her," she said in an odd, reserved manner. "She did not think it interference. She wants—I believe—to do what is right."

"That is such a different thing from actually doing the right thing, isn't it?" said Jasper. Nora thought how bright and animated he looked when he smiled—how different from the stern, grave man who had sought Miss Warrington in Kendal square.

"How do you like her?" Louise whispered as she met Mr. Paton in the hall, just when he was preparing to leave the house. And he answered cordially:

"I like her very much, and think that she will be extremely useful to you all."

Louise took his word as a certificate of Miss Wood's character, and treated her with respect accordingly.

It was not an easy life. Nora found that out before she had been in the house four and twenty hours. There was no separate bedroom for her, and she shared one with Louise, while Amy and Lyle occupied a room opening out of hers. And while Louise slept the sweet sleep of a tired girl, and Amy slumbered as only the very young can slumber, Nora found that Lyle lay awake in pain and weariness, and was only too thankful when the new "companion" brought her a draught of water, re-arranged her pillows, and soothed her many feverish anxieties by tender words, long before the gray dawn came stealing in at the uncurtained windows. Then, as the two younger boys had to be off to school soon after eight, Nora and Louise were both up before seven, to help the one rather incapable servant to get breakfast ready; and meals for the two invalids had to be taken upstairs, and a quiet breakfast prepared for Dr. Warrington when the children were out of the way. Louise went to her pupils between nine and ten, and Amy helped in a listless way to wash cups and saucers and make beds, but it was easy to see that she had no interest in household affairs. Nora scarcely wondered at this when she heard the girl practicing vocal scales at the piano later in the day. Amy had a really magnificent soprano voice, sadly in need of cultivation. Nora came into the drawing-room once and listened to her for a few moments.

"What a lovely voice you have!" she exclaimed, her face aglow with admiration. "I should hope you don't mean to keep it to yourself. Amy, you must let the world hear it!"

To her astonishment, Amy put her hands up to her face and began to cry. "How can I?" she said. "My voice is no good to me unless it is trained. And father says—he can't afford to send me to London, though I could get lessons for nothing if only I were living there. It is too bad!"

"You will have your chance some day, I dare say," said Nora gently.

"Yes, when my voice is worn out, and it won't be any good to me!" said the girl passionately. "Oh, it is a shame to be as poor as we are—a shame!"

"My dear, think of the people who are worse off than you—who have not even bread to eat." Amy faced her with flaming eyes. "I would rather go hungry than not be taught the one thing I am fit for," she said. Then she got up, threw down her music, and walked out of the room. She was certainly right on one point: music was the one thing that she was "fit for"; or, at any rate, she was not fit for anything else.

It was wonderful to Nora to see how much depended on this one fact—the scarcity of money in the Warrington household. It was the point around which all its movements revolved. It was the misfortune of this family that its members possessed tastes and desires and ambitions which they were not in a position to gratify. And from some sort of intense individualism of character (the outer world called it selfishness, but it was not exactly that), none of them were content to sacrifice their desires and ambitions. Amy's fervor was repeated in different forms, in her brothers

and sisters, and it took Nora very little time to find this out.

Even Louise, the practical, sweet-tempered Louise, had her own reason for the pucker of anxiety between her brows, and the eager look in her pretty eyes. It was less than a week after Nora's arrival that she awoke one night to hear Louise crying quietly to herself in her bed. Nora sat up in the darkness and spoke: "Louise! Louise, dear! Are you ill?"

"No—I am not ill, thank you," said Louise, with evident difficulty.

"What is it then? Don't cry, dear. Tell me!"

"It is only—only Tom," said Louise.

"Tom" was her name for Mr. Morrison, who was articled to a solicitor in the town and who had great expectations for the future, but nothing particular in the present.

"Have you quarreled with Tom?"

"Oh, no, no. I could never quarrel with him. Only—he has heard from an uncle of his in Australia, who wants him to go out there. If he had some capital Tom says he could make his fortune; but he has none—and no prospect of getting any for the next ten years, perhaps—and it makes him so miserable and depressed—"

"But would he have a better chance in Australia than in England?"

"I don't know—he thinks he would; and he says he does not see how he can ask me to wait all these years for him. He says it doesn't seem right. But you know, Nora," the girl said eagerly, "I would wait all my life for him without grumbling, if he only—only would be satisfied."

"But he does not want to break off the engagement, does he?"

"Oh, no, but he is unhappy about it; and so am I," said Louise, with a half-strangled sob into the pillow.

Nora, who was at her side by this time, caressed and comforted her; and before long, soothed by her encouraging words, Louise was sound asleep, although a little sobbing breath now and then betrayed the depth of her sorrow and anxiety—hardly to be forgotten, even in sleep. But Nora didn't sleep. She lay awake until morning, pondering over the difficulties of her friends. She realized, almost for the first time in her life, that she had never known what privation meant. That she had always lived in an atmosphere of enjoyment and of free gratification of her tastes. It amazed her to find from observation how narrow could be the life of the great English middle-class, many members of which were as intelligent and "cultured" and capable of enjoyment as the people amongst whom she had sojourned, at home and abroad. What joys were there for hard-working folk like Dr. and Mrs. Warrington? They had no time to read; they never looked at pictures or listened to music; they spent their days in a drudgery which was only bearable because it was so customary. The girls had no tennis—there was not money enough for subscriptions to tennis clubs, not even enough for the purchase of rackets and balls. They belonged to no library; they went to no public entertainments. The boys were better off, for they had cricket and football and their own friends; but Nora's heart bled for the deadly dullness which characterized the lives of the girls.

But even the boys, whom she had not considered worthy of pity, had their own grievances. It was Lyle who let Nora into her brother's secrets one day when Nora was alone with her. David, the eldest boy, a dark, thin lad with an almost sullen gravity of countenance, had just quitted the room when Lyle gave a deep sigh.

"Poor David!" she said.

"What is wrong with David?" Nora asked.

"He's got a situation; he's going to be a clerk in a bank."

"Is that anything to grieve over?"

"Oh, you don't know. It would be all very well for some boys, but David always wanted to go to Oxford, and he did take an Oxford scholarship last year, but he can't go."

"Why not, if he took the scholarship?"

"The scholarship only pays the fees, you know, and he would have had to live besides. And there was no money for that, father said. So David has to stay at home. Nobody knows but me, and you must not tell anybody, but he came up to my room one night and laid his head down beside me and cried and cried so long because he couldn't go to college. He was the cleverest boy in the school, and the masters all think it is because he prefers the bank that he won't go to Oxford, and they're all vexed with him about it, and he feels it dreadfully."

"Poor David!" said Nora, thoughtfully.

"And it will be just the same with Bobby," said Lyle, in her precocious wisdom, "for he's fond of books, too; but it won't be any good. Archie says he shall keep a shop and make money; he says he won't be poor all his life, whatever we choose to be."

Nora was silent. Her needle moved very fast, but for some time she did not speak. There was a touch of satire in her next remark, though it was not true satire, but a sort of bitterness which found no better way of expressing itself.

"You all want something, it seems, you can't get. I suppose it is natural. But you, Lyle, you are content, are you not? except for being ill, I mean? You could not go to Oxford or Australia; you are happy enough at home!"

Lyle looked wistful. "Mr. Paton thinks I might get better if I could go to some German bath that he recommends. But perhaps he's wrong. I am happy enough—only I am tired of lying here; and I do want some drawing lessons—oh, so much."

To her surprise, Nora threw down her work, kissed the little pale face on the sofa, and rushed out of the room. The whole affair had suddenly become too much for her. The weight of poverty, of need felt and never satisfied, overwhelmed her. How nearly had she escaped knowing anything about it! How

nearly had she gone on her way, like the Levite of old, passing by those who were weak and wounded, without a single thought of the oil and wine which it was in her power to bestow!

She sat on the lowest step of the stairs, gasping, almost sobbing, trying in vain to recover herself. A step was heard in the lobby, but she did not notice it. Only when a man's form emerged into the semi-darkness of the hall and stopped, in an attitude of amaze before her, did she realize that she had been "caught," as she expressed it to herself, by Mr. Jasper Paton.

"What is it?" he said anxiously. "You are crying; what is it, dear?"—and there he stopped short. But Nora was too much overcome to care.

"I am crying," she said desperately, "because this house makes me so miserable! Because everybody in it wants something they cannot get! And I suppose there are many households like it in England. It—it oppresses me."

"You have been used to see comfort and affluence in Australia, I suppose," Jasper suggested kindly.

"Yes, yes," said Nora, standing up and clutching at the rail of the baluster, "and everyone is rich—at least everyone who works—and it seems terrible to think of people longing for knowledge, or for relief from pain—and not to be able to give it them."

"That," said Jasper, almost inaudibly, "was what I thought when I tried to persuade Miss Warrington."

Nora lifted her eyes to his. "Oh, you were very good to come!" she said, with sudden fervor. "I—we—Miss Warrington I mean—did not understand."

"You understand now?"

"Perfectly. You had seen it all, and I had not. I think you were most kind—most generous."

"No, no," said Jasper hurriedly. "It was only right to do what I could—to make some sort of attempt; Dr. Warrington has been a very kind friend to me. If only Miss Warrington would have listened—if only she knew the sort of man he is, and how sorely he and his family stand in need of a helping hand!"

"Yes, if only she knew," repeated Nora faintly.

"Won't you tell her—Nora?"

"I will do my best."

"I know you will. Dear Nora—you will let me call you so?"

She looked dizzily into his face. His arm was around her—how it came there she knew not—his eyes met hers with anxious and loving scrutiny. She could not speak.

"Don't I know how brave and true you are?" said Jasper. "Nora, I think you are the best and dearest woman in the world. Can you not love me a little? Don't you see that I love you and you only, with all my heart and soul?"

Her head was on his shoulder by this time, and her hand was abandoned to his clasp.

"Don't you think, Jasper," she murmured at length, "that we are very foolish—very imprudent?"

"Not a bit of it, my love," he answered, in a triumphant tone; "we will work for ourselves and for each other, and we will be as happy as the day is long."

"Yes, if we love one another," said Nora softly. "And you will love me—whatever happens—to the end?"

He promised her, hotly and proudly, that no adverse circumstances should ever divide him from her. And Nora smiled, a little shyly, but with a well-satisfied look.

## CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Day was not a time of unmixed festivity in the Warrington household. There were Christmas bills to consider, as well as Christmas joys. Mrs. Warrington was better, but, with her recovery, had come the announcement that Miss Wood must take her leave. There had been a tremendous outcry, for everybody loved Nora; but she had stood to it bravely that she must go.

"For Christmas, at any rate," she said.

"Why should you go for Christmas?" said Lyle dolefully. "You are so much more funny than anybody else in the house, you know. I thought you would have stayed with us and had snapdragon and told us stories."

"Dear Lyle, will it do if I promise to be with you again in the evening of Christmas Day?"

"The evening?" said Lyle, in a meditative tone. "Well, that is better than nothing. You promise to spend the evening with us?"

"If you will let me," said Nora, with curious humility.

And it did not occur to Lyle to ask her what she meant.

So, to everybody's dissatisfaction, she went away on Christmas Eve; and nobody had the least idea that she did not take the London train, but went away to a quiet little inn where she was able to be near them, although she did not choose to be among them, on the morning of that Christmas Day.

And yet, if she could have brought her mind to it, she would have been very much delighted by the pleasure that came to the Warrington family at breakfast-time. For it seemed as if a good fairy had been watching over all of them, and was showering upon them the gifts that they liked best. Mrs. Warrington received, from some unknown donor, a beautiful set of ornaments that made her smile with pleasure, in spite of herself. Dr. Warrington's gold watch and chain excited in him as much surprise as admiration. "It must be from a grateful patient," his wife said to him, with loving eyes. But Dr. Warrington shook his head. Patients of his were neither grateful nor wealthy, as a rule.

David had a set of books for which he had been longing; Louise, some beautiful lace; Amy, volumes of music; Lyle, a paint-box; the younger boys, gifts suited to their tastes and needs. For Jasper there was—nothing. But he was not discontented; a little letter had reached him which set him smiling, and he wanted nothing more.

"Children—wife—what is this?" said Dr. Warrington, in almost a frightened voice.

He had opened a packet which lay beside his plate, and out of the packet had tumbled various documents which at first seemed hard to understand. But the gist of them all was to be found in a letter from a lawyer who had the honor of informing Dr. Warrington that his

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niece, Eleonora Warrington, seeing the injustice of a will made by her deceased father, had expressed her intention of sharing her fortune with her uncle, and had therefore caused the enclosed documents to be drawn up, conveying to him and his heirs the sum of seventy thousand pounds.

"It is absurd. I cannot possibly accept it," Dr. Warrington cried out in his first agitation; but he soon found out that this view of the matter was not one that commended itself to his family. His wife broke forth into praises of the girl who had been generous enough to do "the right thing," and his children launched forth into plans for his future. Looking at their flushed faces and sparkling eyes, the father's courage wavered and failed him.

"How can I bear to disappoint them by refusing to take this money?" he said to himself.

Meanwhile, Jasper sat and beamed with pleasure; for he thought within himself that this change for the better in Miss Warrington's mind had probably been brought about by Nora—his dear, brave Nora, who would be with them all again that afternoon.

"Here," said Dr. Warrington at last, with a perceptible quaver in his voice, "here is a letter from my niece, Eleonora Warrington."

It was a "very nice letter. It set out that Eleonora, his niece, could not bear to enjoy her wealth alone; that she believed she was only settling a wrong right, and carrying out her dear father's wishes, by offering to his brother part of her fortune; and that she begged him, as a matter of right and justice, and not merely as a favor to her, to accept this Christmas gift of hers, and to welcome her amongst them as a relation and friend."

"I have nobody belonging to me in the world but yourselves," the letter concluded, with a pathetic touch which went straight to the doctor's heart, "and I trust you will not grieve me by refusing what I offer. If you will let me, I will come to see you on the afternoon of Christmas Day."

Dr. Warrington read these sentences aloud—he had no secrets from his children—and looked at his wife. Her eyes were full of tears. "We must see her before we decide what to do," she said with innocent craftiness. And to this her husband agreed.

"I believe it is her that has sent these presents," said Archie, with more acuteness than good grammar. But the suggestion was howled down.

"How could she know so exactly what we like, and what we wanted? It must be somebody who lives in the place—Mrs. Drummond, perhaps."

The young people had great difficulty in calming themselves sufficiently for the ordinary Christmas church-going; but to Dr. and Mrs. Warrington it was a genuine relief to sit quiet in the holly-decked church, and think with thankfulness of the cessation of struggle, the peace and quiet for their old age, to which they might now look forward. And all through the recognition of their kinship by a girl who had inherited so many of the good things of this world!

"I can't take it from her—I can't, indeed," Dr. Warrington said, as he walked with his wife to church.

"Think of the children," she said softly. "I do think of them. I will take something—for their sakes. She may send David to college, or give Amy some music lessons. But I cannot consent to her dividing her fortune with us."

"Let us see her first, before we decide on anything," said Mrs. Warrington. "She is coming this afternoon, is she not?"

"Yes, at four o'clock. Well, we must make her welcome. Evidently she means to be kind."

"We were to have dinner at five," said Mrs. Warrington rather nervously. "I suppose we must ask her to stay?"

"Of course. She is our niece," said the doctor with a little smile, "and, as she says, she has nobody but ourselves in the world. Forget the heiress, dear, and remember only the lonely



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girl, the orphan child; then you will get on with her."

"I am very nervous about it," said Mrs. Warrington with a sigh; but she was consoled by her husband's words, although she began to feel anxious as to her reception of Miss Warrington's generosity. It would be very hard on the children, she reflected, if he refused to accept what she wished to give. However, she was a wise woman, and resolved to say nothing which should dim the brightness of the children's Christmas Day.

A mysterious hamper had come during their absence at church, and when opened was found to contain a goodly store of dainties, such as the Warringtons themselves would never have dreamed of buying—costly fruit, bon-bons, crystallized sweets in painted boxes, even a bouquet of the loveliest hothouse flowers to crown all. But these were apparently not from Miss Warrington. There was a card inside the hamper, and on it was written: "With Nora's love."

"Oh, the naughty girl!" said Mrs. Warrington distressfully. "Just think what she must have spent on us. What extravagance! I wish she was here, dear child."

"She will be here this afternoon. We must keep some of these nice things for her," said Lyle in a tone of satisfaction. "Mother, don't you hope Miss Warrington will be like her?"

But here there was a shout of derision. As if anybody could be like Nora! Nora had won all their hearts. And Jasper, listening in the doorway with a smile upon his face, was proud of his promised bride. As yet nobody knew of Nora's engagement to him; but she had said that it should be no longer a secret "after Christmas." And he was waiting eagerly for her return, to make his good fortune known.

There was a tremor of excitement and expectation on everyone's face that afternoon, as the family gathered solemnly in the sitting-room about four o'clock to receive the unknown Miss Warrington. It had been suggested at first that the uncle and aunt should receive her alone, but the children had begged to be present—"and after all it will be less embarrassing to receive her in an ordinary fashion and not have to begin talking of private matters all at once," said Mrs. Warrington. So the family gathered together, and even Jasper was entreated to remain. "We can talk business after dinner; you will help us to make things go off well," the doctor said to him; and therefore he had stayed.

There was a great glowing fire in the sitting-room, but the lamps had not been lighted when a carriage drove up to the doctor's door. The children held their breath, and even Mrs. Warrington turned pale. Dr. Warrington rose and walked to the door. There was an instant's silence, followed by the sound of voices in the hall. Then suddenly somebody said, in a delighted tone, "Why, it's only Nora, after all!"

"She has come with Miss Warrington," thought Jasper to himself. But when the door was thrown open, and the servant announced "Miss Eleonora Warrington" (with a very curious giggle, by the way), only one little figure, veiled and cloaked, and muffled to the eyes, walked into the room.

Mrs. Warrington advanced to meet her, holding out her hand. "How do you do, my dear," she said, thinking of what her husband had said about the orphan girl. "Are you not very cold? Won't you come to the fire?"

She was kind, but formal, and she wondered why the girl stood for a moment stock-still in the center of the room, and did not attempt to speak.

Then came a strange little laugh—something almost like a sob, too—and an oddly well-known voice.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Warrington, don't you see who it is?" said the visitor. And she tore off her veil, and struggled with the fur about her neck. "Don't you see that I'm—I'm Nora?"

"Nora! Nora! We thought you were Miss Warrington," cried the children, and the younger ones precipitated themselves upon her and clamored for her attention. Mrs. Warrington kissed her, and Jasper pressed forward for a greeting, but the doctor, looking rather blank, turned around to say—

"But Jane announced Miss Warrington. What did she mean?"

"She meant," said Nora, "that I told her—to give me my right name. Oh, Uncle James—Auntie, dear Auntie—don't you see? I am Nora—as you knew me, but I am Eleonora Warrington too."

"Eleonora! You! Nora, it can't be true!" "Indeed, it is true, and you must forgive me for deceiving you. It was Mr. Paton who put it into my head. He called on me—on Miss Warrington, in London, to tell her how much she had misjudged her uncle—"

"Jasper!"

"And he saw Miss Warrington and Miss Warrington's friend and companion, but he mistook one for the other; so it occurred to me that I would pretend to be the companion he supposed me to be, and come to see you without telling anyone who I was. I used to know Mrs. Drummond, so I went to her, and she helped me. You won't be angry with me, will you? I never thought at first of staying with you, but when I found you were in a difficulty I thought I might as well offer myself—"

"Oh, Nora, darling, I never suspected you of such a piece of trickery," said Mrs. Warrington almost reproachfully.

"But you'll forgive me for it, will you not? I wanted so much to know what you were like, and I should never have known you half so well if I had come in my own proper person. I want you to look on me as a daughter, if you will—as a sister to Louise and all of them—and then you won't mind sharing with me what my father left me, because it is too much—quite too much—for a girl like me."

"But, Nora, dear, we really cannot—"

"But you must—you must! or I will give it all to a hospital, and be poor too. And you will come up to London, and Louise shall marry Mr. Morison, and the boys shall go to college, and Amy shall become a great singer, and Lyle shall get quite, quite well again—you won't deny me all these beautiful things?"

"But," said Dr. Warrington, "we shall have to consider. Suppose you marry, as you will, probably—"

It was his last objection.

"Oh, that is all settled," said Nora, lifting her head from Mrs. Warrington's shoulder, and stretching out her hand to Jasper, who had stood cold and thoughtful and silent in the background. "Here is my future husband, and I am sure he will not object to this disposition of my money. In fact, I believe he would be better pleased if I could give it to you all, and come to him penniless—let not so, Jasper!"

"Yes," said Jasper, "that is true."

But he drew her involuntarily towards him, as though he could not bear to let her go.

"That cannot be done, however," said Nora, nodding merrily at the group around her. "And just as you must forgive me my little deception, so he must forgive me my wealth. That is settled anyway."

"Nora gave you no Christmas present, did she?" said one of the boys to Jasper, somewhat later in the day.

And it was with a smile in his eyes that Jasper assured him that he had received from Nora a Christmas gift which he valued more than any other in the world.

(THE END)

#### Books and Authors.

The *Lounger in The Critic* is responsible for this neat paragraph: Mr. Andrew Lang wishes to make a covenant with Mr. Israel Zangwill: Mr. Lang is tired (and so are most people) of "The Woman

Who Did Wouldn't Didn't Couldn't, and so on," of whom Mr. Zangwill has much to say in his department in *The Pall Mall Magazine*. "Well," says Mr. Lang, "if Mr. Zangwill can be induced to take the pledge against 'women who,' I will abandon any three of my King Charles's (or Prince Charlie's) heads which he may select." I would suggest this simple form for the pledge: "If you Lang will, I. Zangwill."

A movement is being made in England to get permission to have Huxley represented in Westminster Abbey. Neither Byron nor Shelley have busts in that historic building because they were so wild and naughty, and it is doubtful if Huxley will be admitted.

Slason Thompson, who is doing such brilliant work as editor of the *Chicago Press and Journal*, is a New Brunswicker.

Mr. J. M. Le Moine, the Canadian litterateur, says that *The History of Emily Montague*, published in London by Dodsley in 1769, was the earliest novel written in Canada; and Sillery, Quebec, where it was written, can therefore (*The Canadian Gazette* says) claim to be the cradle of Canadian literature. Frances Brooke (*nee* Frances Moore), authoress, was the wife of the Rev. John Brooke, military chaplain at Quebec. The heroine—the accomplished Emily Montague—discourses so eloquently on the charms of Canadian scenery and social amusements at Quebec, that several English families, it is said, sought in consequence a home on the shores of the St. Lawrence.

A new weekly paper called *The Northern Presbyterian* has been started in Collingwood. It will be published every Saturday and is edited by Rev. D. L. McCrae, Ph.D. It is a neat little paper. The first number is jam full of church news from all the leading points in Northern Ontario. Collingwood is becoming quite a newspaper center.

#### Preparing the King's Bed.

James Payn in London News.

How very uncomfortable under the beds of the highest personages used to be of old, though there was fuss enough about the making of them! The Earl of Arundel, Chamberlain to Henry VIII., has left the most elaborate directions for this daily ceremony. A Gentleman Usher, three yeomen, and a groom were employed for this office. "A yeoman with a dagger to search the straw" (think of his Majesty, like Margery Daw, in the straw!) "that there be none untruth therein, and this yeoman to caste up the bedde of downe upon that, and oon of them to tumble over yt for the serche thereof." What a picture! "Then they to bete and tulle the sayde bedde, and they of the wardrobe to delyver them a fustyan, and then to trusse in both sheete and fustyan [a sort of blanket one supposes] rounde about the bedde of downe." In lay the bolster the yeomen are to make a cross, and "kysynge yt where their handes were, and to sticke up the angel about the bedde." Henry the Eighth's "angel" must have had a trying time. It is pleasant to learn that after their labors the bed-makers were well refreshed: "a loof of brede, a pott wyth ale, a pot with wine for every man." Then the Gentleman Usher "sett the kynges sword at hys beddes heed, and a knyger for the bedde had the keypynge of the bedde with a lyght upon the time the kyng be disposed to goe to yt." There is not a word about a hot-water bottle, nor even a warming-pan.

#### Going Too Far.

Chicago Post.

"This here 'new woman' business is getting to be too darn serious for a joke," said Uncle Hiram solemnly.

"What's the matter now?" asked his nephew.

"Wa-al, I was down sorter lookin' over the tough part o' your durn city, an' a woman ran out of a house an' grabbed my ol' hat."

"Oh, that's an old trick. Did you follow her?"

"Not much I didn't."

"That was lucky for you."

"I sorter reckoned that if she got this here 'new woman' fever so bad as all that," explained Uncle Hiram, "she could have the ol' hat an' welcome; an' I hollered arter her that if she'd give me her address I'd ship her down a pair of overalls when I get back to the farm."

#### Practice and Preaching.

San Francisco Wave.

"That was an excellent article of yours on the absurdity of wearing an overcoat in winter. Most of the boys believe as you do and have discarded their overcoats. By the way, how much did you receive for the article?"

"Just enough to pay for an overcoat."

Windsor Salt, Purest and Best.

#### Straight Talks to Young Men.

Pick-Me-Up.

MY DEAR JOHNNIE,—In my last letter I made so bold as to address you on a subject which is said to be next to godliness, and I am sure if the tub-thumpers were only tub-takers they would excite far more interest in their audience.

I might with reason have gone farther, and pointed out to you that your duty to that portion of your race whose favors it is our duty to compete for, does not end when you have washed yourself. You may think that to have a clean body is the principal thing, and that everything else is merely superficial.

In this you are quite wrong. It is the superficial which is superlative. I am very far from advocating that you should be a dandy, because I am afraid that essential quality of a gentleman has been allowed to sink to the possession of the half-baked boys who paint their faces like women, pride themselves on a feminine voice, and assume a walk which, in my days, used to be known as the Grecian Bend. These young blackguards carry dandyism down to admiring one another's waistcoats in public, and trying on one another's boots in private like a lot of girls. If you ever have a chance of proving to them the superiority of your boot-maker, seize it, and give them one for me too while you are about it.

No! this is not the sort of dandy I wish you to be, and I only mention this brigade because I do not wish you to misunderstand me. But between trying to make your tie look like a girl's ribbon, your shirt resemble a frilled nightgown, and your hands and arms a jeweler's shop, and neglecting our personal appearance, there is a difference, as I hope to show you.

It is related of a beautiful woman, who is now dead, poor girl, that she refused to go out to lunch because she had a rent in her white petticoat. Poor Emily, she was only what in Paris they would call a *rat de theatre*, but she had the instincts of the great lady who, advising her daughter against a hole in her stocking, said: "You never know what may happen, my dear—you might be run over in the street and be taken to a hospital."

In these two little anecdotes are compressed the whole of the lesson you should learn, and I want you to make it a rule of your life to be tidy. It is a small thing, but the more trifling the things the more important they are, and you should never let a week go by without having your hair washed, and brushed, and clipped. Don't snort and say it is such a waste of time. It is nothing of the kind, for your barber is a very important factor in life. If you only go to the proper man, when he knows you, he will retail you the very latest gossip, and from being seen there you will acquire a reputation of being "all right" by men you may never know but who will know you by sight, and who will judge you from the company you keep, whether it be that of a barber who shaves you or the woman you take out to dinner.

Whatever your moral linen may be let your body linen be immaculate. Its quality, if it be inferior, may be taken as an eccentricity, but its color should be swan-like. Your collar must be stiff and glazed, and when your shirt cuff shows its first jag do not rely upon scissors, but throw it away. In this world we are judged by small things. I remember once seeing the Hon. Artillery Company marching out. They are, as you know, dressed like the Guards, and one leader said to his pal: "Here come the Guards!" With a withering glance his friend said: "Guards be blowed—look at their boots!" There was a man of the world for you, and you should always remember this story, for, though you be dressed as a Prince, if your boots or hat or gloves be bad or dirty you may be mistaken for an outsider.

Nothing is so important as the study of the external, and the man whose coat is unbrushed, whose trousers are baggy at the knees, whose handkerchief is soiled or whose hat-leather is stained may lose the hand of a great heiress. You must not think from this that you as a young man are more heavily handicapped than the rest of your race, for I assure you I know a particularly pretty girl who lost a coronet and a very fine settlement by showing a draggle-tailed petticoat when crossing a muddy street, though the foot and ankle displayed were a sight for the gods.

I do not say, mark you, wear nothing but the very best clothes. That you may not always be able to afford. But, as you value your position, see that they fit you to the best advantage, that the creases are always in the proper places and that they are brushed. I have seen an old man walk down the street in a frock coat that was once black and was now green. But it was brushed, all the buttons were on, and his hat and boots were polished, he was shaved, his mustache was trimmed. He looked every inch a gentleman, and would so have looked at a levee. But the absence of any one of these superficialities would have instantly transformed him into a broken-down clerk.

Try and bear these facts in mind, and never forget I am, your affectionate uncle,

ARCHIE.

#### Scientific Miracles.

A question which has received wide attention from our theologians of recent years is, whether the days of miracles are past. We cannot settle this question, but we can give an expression of opinion which has reached us from the little town of Tavistock respecting the cures for alcoholism effected at Lakeside Institute, Oakville. Some five or six from this point, including our correspondent, have taken the cure, and every one of them are living witnesses to its efficacy. We do not claim to work miracles, these results are purely scientific. We are simply specialists, and keep abreast of medical research in this line, hence our unvarying success. We quote the letter just received: "All the boys here are doing well, and everyone considers that the days of miracles have not yet ended, especially in the case of Jack W., who never was known to remain sober for more than three weeks at a time before taking the treatment, and now I must say that Jack has been transformed into a gentleman." Comment is useless. From every direction come the same gratifying reports. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Phone 1163.

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CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL—Prof. Wm. Clark, D.C.L.  
THE EVOLUTION OF TWO OF MY PICTURES—G. A. Reid, R.C.A.  
SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—J. Macbeth  
T. M. McIntyre, Ph.D.  
POEM "Decorated"—Chas. G. D. Roberts.  
THE CANADIAN "SOOT" CANAL—Chas. Gordon Roberts.  
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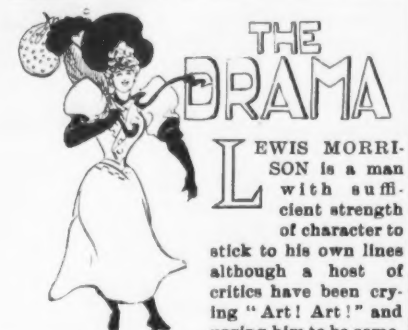
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A

LEWIS MORRISON is a man with sufficient strength of character to stick to his own lines although a host of critics have been crying "Art! Art!" and urging him to be some-

thing that he is not. Morrison has gone on giving us his Mephisto, and although Irving came with his Art (with a capital A), still the great majority of people prefer Morrison's Mephisto to Irving's, capital A and all. If the stage have a mission at all or a place, its mission is to entertain the many and its place is to occupy the attention of the many. If there is no art in a version of Goethe's drama that is coherent and most interesting, it only proves that art so called is only an ornament and not an essential to the drama. But the fact is that art so called by the critics of drama is not art at all, but a lot of moonshine. It is not an exact quantity; its limits, its ingredients, its qualities, cannot be described by any two living men. I mean that no two can agree in their definition of this Art with a capital A. The only rule to apply is the old, simple and legitimate rule that art in acting consists in making the semblance seem real, in making the illusion satisfactory to average minds, and in producing an entertaining "altogether," or general result. Morrison's Mephisto has fulfilled these demands. His production of Faust remains the most satisfactory of any we have seen here.

But we are all somewhat tired of Faust. It has haunted and hunted us this season. Irving, Griffiths, Callahan and now Morrison—we hope to see it no more for a while. To those who have not seen it, however, now is the time, for without further remark as to Mephisto, it may truly be said that Florence Roberts is the perfect Marguerite, and Edward Elsner is one of the best Fausts on the stage.

Yorick's Love, with which Mr. Morrison's company opened the week at the Princess, is a very neat and interesting drama. It is an adaptation by William Dean Howells, and therefore has a literary quality that many plays entirely lack. It is well constructed, well staged and well played and should enjoy a successful run through the country.

With war's alarms resounding through the land I felt an irresistible desire to see Louis de Franchi die at the Grand in the Corsican Brothers. It was not a sight that would encourage one to promote hostilities. The two brothers, one of whom is killed in a duel, leaving the other to avenge him, makes the Corsican Brothers a very instructive play in this particular respect. In most dramas and melodramas, there is but one hero, and no matter how often he may be stabbed or shot, we have a supreme faith that he will pull through and marry his own true love at the finish. Therefore we see him stabbed and shot with equanimity. We see villains killed often enough, yet, feeling that they are well served, are not moved. But in the Corsican Brothers we have two heroes, splendid young fellows, bubbling over with generous life, and when we see the gallant Louis dying from a sword-thrust we feel a sympathy and can in a half-sort-of-fashion understand what it would mean to see the flower of the land perish in war.

Mr. Wolf is a very fair actor, although he seems to take Robert Mantel for his model and to follow him with much fidelity. Mr. Wolf is a fine big fellow with a great voice. The company supporting him is very amateurish, the mother of the two heroes being particularly so. People were forced to smile many times by the great rapidity of utterance of various characters who seemed to be reciting lines committed to memory, which, if not rushed off, might escape recollection. Mr. Wolf would make a very good leading man in a company, but he cannot do much supported by "a carefully selected" troupe of incapables.

We may well wonder what will become of our theaters if the present war talk continues. We may soon expect to find the Yankee actors letting themselves and their flag loose upon us in the theaters. Even in the immediate past we have known the American flag to be hoisted in Toronto theaters, although courtesy and good sense have caused the language of the goose to be suppressed and disapproved. The American actor, when coming into Canada, is somewhat prone to plume his republicanism as he crosses the boundary, and to flaunt his country's flag in Canadian faces whether the play really calls for it or not. It is in bad taste, and is often resented by people who would not descend to the equally bad taste of showing resentment.

Away back in 1826 the most famous case of Yankeeism in a theater occurred in what was then the place of entertainment in York (Toronto). It led to serious results, and the incident shows that the animosities of 1812

still survived. Sir Peregrine Maitland was then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and the Legislature was in session. A play was running at the little theater, and most of the Members attended it one evening. The orchestra played several British tunes, when, out of compliment to some Americans who were present, someone called for Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia. These airs were given, but when the House again met one of the Members arose and solemnly charged a fellow-Member, Capt. Matthews, with requesting that Yankee Doodle be played at a public entertainment. The House treated the charge gravely, and appointed a Committee of Privilege, which, after meeting for three consecutive evenings and examining scores of witnesses, acquitted the accused. However, the military authorities at Quebec came to hear of the affair, and Capt. Matthews, although retired from active service, was summoned to that remote city, the means of travel being very different from what they now are, and required to again defend himself. He showed his evidence of acquittal and was for a second time exonerated, but the records say that his pension was stopped and his peace destroyed.

The Land of the Living is a melodrama out and out, and no attempt is made to palm it off as a drama or to twist it into a variety show. In last issue I outlined the plot, and it is not necessary to do it again. There is the admirable hero and the execrable villain—the latter succeeds in his villainous plots for a while, but in the last act is outdone and, as I said last week, is led away "gritting his teeth." If you like melodrama you will like this, for it is of the intense order.

Princess Bonnie ranks high as a comic opera, and although at time of writing I have not seen it as put on at the Grand for the closing days of the week, I feel safe in recommending it. Manager Sheppard says it is put on in its entirety as presented at the Broadway Theater.

Zangwill, on being asked his opinion of Sir Henry Irving's Corporal Brewster in A Fragment of Waterloo, said, "Henry Irving has at last ceased imitating Henry Irving." W. S. Gilbert was scarcely so complimentary to Beer-bohm Tree, who said to him, "What do you think of my version of Hamlet?" "Well, Tree, candidly," said the humorist, "it was funny without being vulgar."

The management of the Toronto Opera House made it a point to have something good for New Year's week and so secured Raymon Moore, the famous ballad singer and author of Sweet Marie, When the Bloom is on the Clover, Molly Darling, etc., who will be seen in the musical comedy, Tuxedo. The piece offers perhaps more novelties than any similar entertainment on the road this season. It has been entirely rewritten by the author, Ed. Marble, and besides much new and witty dialogue, medleys, songs and dances will be introduced. The company, which numbers some twenty-odd people, is said to be an exceptionally strong one. Besides the regular Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon performances, there will be a special matinee New Year's Day.

## A Great Experience.



"Oh, I was away off—lost—a minute ago, now I'm here. Isn't that nice?"  
"You were lost! How was that?"  
"Well, you know, after mother put me to bed last night I just turned 'round and was thinking about that big doll Aunt Annie gave me, and all at once the ice-man tried to take it from me; he said he wanted it for the horse, and—"

"What did the horse want to do with it, eat it?"  
"Oh, I don't know! Only he wanted it and said he must have it 'cause James' boots had pointed toes, and—"

"What had James' boots to do with the question?"  
"Oh, Daddy, don't bother me! That's what he said, and it seemed all right—now, I won't tell you!"

After I had appeased her she went on:  
"Well, the ice-man said he must have it, and he pulled, and pulled, and I held it tight and kicked him awful—only his arms were so long I never could touch him—and I called loud for you and mother, only my mouth wouldn't talk right—it would only just squeak a little when I shouted hard. Does your mouth ever get that way? Oh, I was so tired!—and he got it from me. But then I saw it wasn't the doll at all, and the man was Jane, and she said 'Oh, you naughty girl! Didn't I tell you never to touch the lamp! There now, you've pulled it over on yourself!' And I lay on the dining-room floor and the lamp was awful heavy on top of me, and I cried and cried, and mother said it would spoil the carpet if I died, and—"

"Did you die?"  
"Yes—but it didn't hurt—and just then we all went into the boat, and the river was where our lawn is. My! but the water was rough—only you said it didn't matter so long as mother had her new seal-skin on (and I thought that funny, 'cause you know she hasn't one) and you rowed, and we never got there; and I was so cold and my feet hung over the edge, and—"

"Over the edge of what?"  
"Oh, I don't know! And then the man shoved me out of the window, and I fell, and fell, and fell, forty miles, and—oh, I forget what happened next! Only when I got out of the cars I couldn't find you or mother, and I ran and ran, and my legs were so tired, and I couldn't work them right—and I was lost."

Oh, my! I was frightened, and it was nasty and hot, and I couldn't get a drink, and Mrs. Smith's baby cried and cried—"

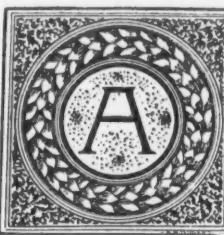
"Who was Mrs. Smith?"

"Her what had the baby! And do you know, Daddy, then all at once it was our baby, and I was here. Oh, I'm so glad to be found!" And with a long sigh of content she put her arms about my neck and hugged me.

Having put in rather a lively night myself, after a supper of mince pie and cold turkey, I had some sympathy with the youngster.

A. A.

## The Clerical Man of the World.



ADMITTING that there is a very serious lack of education among the preachers of the present day, Mr. Robert Drail, writing for The New England Magazine (December), declares that a far more important

factor in the pulpit problem, and the factor which makes far more than any other for the abiding influence of the clergyman, of whatever school of theology, is not so much his mental training as his unworldliness. Mr. Drail says that the most noticeable change in the ecclesiastical world during the last twenty years has been the rise and the popularity of the clerical man of the world, and it is the purpose of his article to show how dangerously the church is handicapped by these "applauded figures." He sketches the subject of his opposition in part as follows:

"It is in the social world that the position of the clerical man of the world puts him most in evidence. Public dinners and private dinners are not complete without him. He says 'grace,' and tells stories; and in all the larger cities of America the clerical after-dinner speakers rank among the most popular entertainers of the day. During the winter season many men of this stamp are as much engaged and overrun with invitations as the son of an English duke on a visit to New York. It matters little what the dinner is. From the annual meeting of a Boat and Shoe Travelers' League to the Irishmen's dinner on St. Patrick's Day, our clerical worldling is there; and with half a dozen puns, some new stories and clever hits upon the passing topics of the street, the market, the drawing-room, the football field, and the political arena, he holds his own against whomever it may be. Nor does he confine himself to these public appearances. He scarce has time to change the evening clothes he wears at the opera of a Saturday night before he must don the cassock in which he appears on Sunday morning. He goes to see Coquelin, Irving, and Bernhardt as a matter of course; and Dixey, and perhaps Theo, as a matter of audacity. He drops in at afternoon teas; and his purely social duties requiring attendance according to this new code of clerical etiquette—at dinners and dances and weddings, the theater, the horse-show, the football and baseball matches, little time or tranquillity of mind surely can be left for pious meditation."

Mr. Drail notes that there is a singular desire on the part of city congregations to procure young men, and it possible young athletes, to preside over the destinies of their parishes; that half-backs on victorious football eleven, pitchers on college baseball nines, are advertised to speak at this or that religious meeting. He continues:

"No doubt the younger members of the churches are drawn toward this dashing young ecclesiastical gladiator. Men of the world also are surprised at first, and then rather pleased to find that the complexities of theology and the stern demands of the religious life are not what they had supposed and feared. Surely this first-rate sportsman, this adventurous hunter, who returns from the wild West with skin and head, this breezy, self-wielder of racket and baseball bat, can hardly be the representative of a creed that is very complicated, of a morality that is very restricted or difficult, or of a religious temper of mind that is very ghostly. As a consequence of this personal liking there follows, on the part of this class of persons, a certain allegiance to the tabernacle of the clerical man of the world. The older heads in the congregation find it difficult to concatenate the various links of this chain between earth and heaven; but it fills the pews—and so for the time being, caught in the grip of the world, who has given usually little thought to such matters, fancies that the demands of the religious life have changed, and rejoices at the difference between this young clergyman, who is as much, if not more, at ease in the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, and in the field of sport than he is himself, and the stern and black-broadclothed parson of his boyhood."

It is not easy, says Mr. Drail, to harmonize this clerical sportsman, hunter, fisher and theater-goer with that John who had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey. The new-style popular preacher has, he points out, made the impression pretty general that religious work and religious influence are quite possible to those of avowedly worldly minds and occupations, and 'has failed to impress upon his disciples that fundamental prelude to any sort of religious life, that there must be first of all a 'new creature.'"

## A Pleasant Surprise.

Dahelm-Kalender.

Even Saxon courtesy and readiness to oblige may be carried a little too far. When about to return from a Bohemian village to a frontier town in Saxony, the occupants of a sledge had their foot-warmers carefully rinsed out and replenished with full-bodied Hungarian wine. Thus they passed the guard post without let or hindrance, to the merry jingling of the sleigh-bells. Laughing and joking at the success of their little dodge, they called at a wayside inn for refreshment. On resuming their seats one of the party exclaimed:

"Why, the foot-warmers are quite hot!"  
Then the boots of the inn stepped forward, and said, with a friendly grin: "The foot-warmers were quite cold, so, just to oblige you, I emptied them and filled them again with hot water."

## Thought He Was Right.

Yonkers Statesman.

Bacon—Let me shake your hand, dear boy; this is one of the happy days of your life.  
Egbert—You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow.

"That's what I say. This is one of the happy days of your life."



"The Rose is Fairest when 'tis Budding."

## An Incident at Appomattox.

Illustrated American.

D RIVING over the scarred fields of Appomattox the other day, my comrade, who witnessed the great meeting between Lee and Grant from his back porch, told me a little incident of that Ninth of April—an incident which the more resembles comedy by contrast with the heavy tragedy which gave it birth.

It was the day of surrender, and around the little village of Appomattox Court House both armies were stationed. Bullets and shells from both sides had whizzed through the air and ploughed up the ground.

Among the women who hurriedly sought the sheltering slope of a hill a half mile distant was old Mrs. H—, the character of the county, whose words and deeds were alike eccentric. At eleven o'clock the formal surrender took place, and a man with a flag of truce was sent to the waiting women, with permission to return to their homes. Mrs. H— was the first to start. Her house was on a knoll occupied by the blue coats; consequently she was stopped just in sight of her lawn to wait for a special permit from the commander of that portion of the line.

"No, sir," she replied, shaking her gray head. "I'll wait for nothing. Them Yankees are occupying my place now and I've got to get there and tell them what I think of 'em, and you'll have to hold me if you want to keep me from going!"

Suiting the action to the word, she plunged through the midst of the amazed soldiers, and, almost before they had recovered from her audacity, she was at her house. There the Yankees had indeed, created devastation. Her molasses had been poured upon the ground, her feather-beds had been ripped open by sabres, and the feathers stirred about in the molasses; the old lady's caps adorned the tall cedar trees before the house, and chaos reigned. Mrs. H— was furious, and with arms akimbo was rating the soldiers in no measured terms, when suddenly she saw two big soldiers, Irish they appeared, preparing to carry off her buggy, which had just been newly painted.

This was the last straw. In an instant she had clambered into the back of the buggy, and grasped the back of the seat, declaring: "There's some gentlemen, I reckon, in the Yankee army, and I'll stay on this buggy till I got to one and am perreck'd from the po' white trash."

Finding that she meant what she said, the soldiers started off with the buggy, dragging it over streams, through woods, over rocks, until they reached camp. The old lady convulsively clung to the back of the seat. When the buggy stopped she hopped off, and, without stopping to smooth her troubled gray hair or straighten her cap, she marched to the colonel in command and told him her grievance. With bent head he listened, and after apologizing for the offence committed, sent for the predatory soldiers and ordered them to draw Mrs. H—, in her buggy, back to her home and restore the stolen property. Her face was as a study as she rode home in triumph on the middle of the seat, with head erect, giving the while scornful advice to her unwilling steeds on the advisability of recognizing their betters when they saw them.

"I always will say," concludes Mrs. H— as she tells the story of her mad ride, "that there was one gentleman in the Yankee army."

## A Banker's Advice.

Le Figaro.

Baron Rothschild was asked by a friend of his to advise him in the matter of a couple of financial transactions, one of which offered a very large rate of interest, the other a much smaller one.

"If you want to dine well," the Baron replied, after a moment's reflection, "go in for the first; if you want to sleep well, invest in the second."

## A Happy New Year

For Saturday Night.

The dead leaves fill across the world,  
And swiftly spins the weather-vane;  
The Old Year's golden grains are sold,  
And New Year time is born again.

Then lose the logs upon the hearth,  
And let the brimming kettle toll;  
Of earnest cares let there be death;  
Grant good cheer as the wage of toil.

In garnered heaps rich treasures lie,  
Gleaned artfully from many a field;  
The hungry crow flies 'neath the sky,  
Or calls from out the gloomy world.

So put the pot upon the board,  
And gather round each face so dear,  
Fill up the cup, fill up the glass,  
And bumper-drink to the New Year. G. A. B.

## Canadian Song.

For Saturday Night.

Sing ho! for the land of the bracing north,  
For the land of the maple tree,  
Whose million of fields of gold extend  
From the east to the western sea.  
Oh, ho! for the land of a thousand lakes,  
Where myriad rivers run,  
Where leaps the bold blood of a hardy race  
In the heart of each sturdy son.

May the God of the nations prosper her,  
May Canada's fame increase,  
May the left of the maple proudly wave  
Till time shall forever cease.

Sing ho! for the land of the northern lights,  
Where they flash in the winter sky,  
And shine like the deeds of heroes dead,  
Who were strong in the years gone by.  
Then here's to the land of the brave and free,  
And of women divinely fair,  
Where Nature is glad and the sunlight laughs  
As it gleams in the buoyant air.

Sing ho! for the land of the warlike north,  
For a Brock and a Lady's Lane;  
Let foemen but touch our sacred soil,  
And we'll show him our might again.  
Sing ho! for the land of our birth and pride,  
For a nation that yet shall be  
As splendid, as famed and as numerous,  
As the leaves of her maple tree. WILLIAM T. ALDRIDGE

## Unrest.

For Saturday Night.

Long had I been deceived;  
And grieved  
To feel in every tend'ring love bereaved.  
Out of my threads, and webs  
My love  
Had wove but uncolored forms,  
And clove  
Inseparable to them, as though real—  
As though men, born out of my ideal.  
And once I felt a pang—  
There rang  
Into my song an unsought clang!

'Midst hither harmonies I sang  
One note that set all else in strife—  
One death that poisoned all of life.

Give me my song and poisoned life,  
No more let ignorance bring relief,  
Nor let the seeming cheat my grief.  
I'd take the discord, drink the tears,  
I'll tread in dangers, stand on fears,  
Play on, albeit the undertone,  
Live on, through every step alone.  
What tho' an Eden turns to mist,  
And I as him whom Judas kissed?

If I shall lose a world so fair—  
If I to lose a friend will dare,  
Ay! I'd e'en lose paradise  
So that at least I have my eyes;  
Am I too small a world to hold?  
A friend whose worth in coin is sold?  
Nay, let me to myself be known,  
Else friend and world are both unshown.

But I may come again  
Through pain,  
To what shall be eternal peace and gain;  
There may be born again  
A strain  
That holds the untrue where 'tis true,  
And shows a hiding old in what is new.

The garden may not be:  
The tree  
And all its golden fruits, the free  
Unclouded Elysium—  
For me—  
Midst slow built walls, and all I've wrought  
And thought and fought—shall be again.  
A. JEO. CLEARY

## The Last Dance of Carissima.

By Arnold Gosworthy in Pick-Me Up  
Illustrated for Saturday Night by V. C. McGill.



Dr. John Markham sat in the study of his house in Manchester square, diligently planning out experiments to test the value of his latest discovery. He had been "Doctor"-ed in an honorary way by one of the great universities in recognition of his services to the cause of science, his recent work on Animal Magnetism having created quite a furore in the world of learning. A young man still—well, on the right side of forty—the future lay before him with great promise, and night and day he was working to achieve still greater conquests in his own particular branch of science.

A strange assortment of instruments and machinery surrounded him as he worked. Galvanic batteries, huge Leyden jars, and every variety of electrical apparatus lined the walls of his study on every side, and in the laboratory that lay beyond were many more strange-looking implements, some here and there being carefully veiled from the view of a chance intruder. These last were marvels of his own invention, many of them still imperfect, and all of them matters of the most rigid State secrecy for the moment. They were to be the subject of his new work, to be published as soon as the results of a few more experiments should enable him to put the finishing touches to his latest discovery.

Dr. Markham was engrossed in the manipulation of certain algebrical quantities, and did not hear the knock of his servant at the door of his study. On the knocking being repeated, however, he started up from his chair and hurried to the door, to make sure that no unwarrantable intrusion into the sanctum was being contemplated.

"A lady to see you, sir," said the servant, tendering a card upon her tray.

Dr. Markham took the card and looked at it curiously. It bore the one word "Carissima." Then he shook his head doubtfully.

"What is the lady like?"

"Young lady, sir. Looks very ill. Had to be helped to a chair by her maid."

Dr. Markham raised his eyebrows thoughtfully, and then said he would be down directly. He was hardly prepared to receive visitors. He had a dim idea that he had no collar on, and he was in his shirt sleeves besides. Somewhat indifferent, however, to trifles of this sort, he merely put on his coat, effected a minimum of improvement in his personal appearance, and went to see his visitor.

There was no doubt as to the lady's looking ill. She was evidently in an advanced stage of consumption, and yet, withal, had unusual personal attractions. She attempted to rise as he entered, but the effort was obviously exhausting, and Markham, a man of few words, motioned to her to remain seated.

"Carissima, I believe?" he said abruptly, reading from the card.

The young lady bowed. "That is, of course, not my real name. I am Miss Thompson in private life; but I am known everywhere as Carissima now, and I thought if I sent up my professional card you would know better who I was." And she smiled in anticipation of a compliment.

But Markham only shook his head remorselessly. "I have not the pleasure of knowing you," he said with cruel bluntness. "May I ask what is your profession?"

"I am Carissima, the great danseuse!" she blurted out in a tone of bitter disappointment. "I thought everyone knew that!"

Dr. Markham shrugged his shoulders, and sighed as if he regretted the necessity of wasting his time on such an interview. "May I enquire your business with me?" he said at length.

Carissima put him down in her own mind as a perfect boor at once. For years past she had

Carissima bit her lip in mortification. Determined, however, not to be rebuffed, she proceeded:

"I have not been dancing for six months now. The last time I performed in public I broke down on the stage. I have been very ill since then. The doctors tell me it is consumption, and that I have only two years at most to live." And she paused for breath to continue. Again that cold, irritating bow. Carissima concealed her anger for prudent reasons, and continued:

"I want to dance in public once more, only once more, just to retrieve that atrocious break-down. I must do it. That is why I have come to you. They tell me you have invented machines for giving people new strength. Give me strength enough for one more dance. It is all I ask. I can pay for what I want."

Dr. Markham walked to the window and looked out. There was a trying silence of some minutes, which Carissima, unable at length to endure, interrupted with an impatient—

"Well?"

Dr. Markham turned around and looked her steadily in the face. Then he said quietly:

"I understand you desire to resort to some form of galvanic stimulant to enable you to effect the purpose you have in view. Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, as you please. I must, however, caution you that the effect of the appliance I will offer you will not be to endow your frame



Carissima was dancing better than ever.

with a new energy. It will merely concentrate the available energy for the moment; and in your present condition such an experiment will cost you at least one of the years the doctors have given you."

"I don't care," said Carissima. "How much do you want for the thing?"

Markham waved the question away with his hand. "There is no question of money," he said. "I only ask that on the day following the experiment, or as soon after as you are able to do so conveniently, you will call on me to return the apparatus and describe the effect of the current upon you."

"With pleasure," said Carissima, delighted at her success.

Dr. Markham, with a conventional apology, hurried to his laboratory, and a quarter of an hour went by, drearily enough for Carissima. When he returned, he had a small box in his hand filled partly with machinery and partly with glass jars.

"There is a little strap here," he said, in explanation of the mechanism, "which you must

A performance had been arranged for the benefit of a deserving charity, and it was announced that the great Carissima, who the doctors had said could never dance again in public, would on this occasion make her farewell appearance. All her old admirers were on the tip-toe of excitement, and on the afternoon in question the house was packed from floor to ceiling by an enthusiastic audience.

And what a cheer there was as she smilingly tripped on with all the old lightness! It was some minutes before the orchestra could make itself heard, and a heap of bouquets and other bunches of flowers had to be cleared off the stage before the dance could begin.

It seemed really wonderful. Carissima was dancing better than ever, one and all said so. She went through one of her favorite dances, every step of which her admirers knew by heart, with all the grace and charm of old, tripping and turning here and there, apparently without an effort, and yet with an effect that was absolutely perfect. When it came to the last few steps, the audience broke through their restraint and cheered and cheered again before the dance was fairly over.

And then, a strange circumstance happened. Carissima felt one of her legs bend at the knee abruptly, while her foot jerked backwards and forwards in mid-air with a rapid movement she could neither arrest nor control. Then she felt her arms bend at the elbow in the same way, while her hands shook and trembled with a wonderful energy, and her head began to nod violently, all unpremeditated, all uncontrollable. Then her balance gave way, and she fell all of a heap on the stage, her limbs twitching spasmodically as the curtain fell.

The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. They thought it all part of Carissima's superb genius. She had evidently wound up with a burlesque of the society lady amateur, and the caricature was wonderful. Her triumph was complete. The audience rose and shrieked for her, and shrieked again as she seemed to hesitate to come before the curtain.

But Carissima never answered the call. In her dressing-room, with grave faces around her, she lay upon a sofa—dead.

## Our Special Reporter in London

A Pen Portrait of the Prince of Wales—How he Impressed a Toronto Boy—The Sage of Chelsea—How Edward Blake is Rated.

KIND fortune favored me with an invitation to the Imperial Institute on Monday last to hear a lecture on the Persian Kurds. A select audience gathered. Some of the ladies were beautifully dressed, green and red being the predominant colors. The hall was decorated and the famous Imperial Orchestra discoursed its sweetest music. And all for a talk on an Asiatic tribe, you think? My word, no. Nineteenth of that assembly didn't care a ha'penny about Persian Kurds; they were there for the same reason that I was there. The Prince of Wales was chairman. This is one of the many things royalty is used for, and it's a splendid thing, especially for the lecturer. To leave the Kurds of Kurdistan to those interested in such subjects, let me say a word or two of the First Gentleman of the Empire. In the first place our coming king is as bald as a badger. The hair on front of his head is very, very thin, and the top is Bill Nyeish in its bareness. His eyelids, like his mother's, are very full and give him a dull appearance. The beard, once fair, is now turning quite gray and tends to be pointed. His countenance beams with good humor and geniality, but certainly does not betoken determination or strength of any kind. Standing up, the Prince is of ordinary size, but when sitting down he appears much larger; in other words, he is a short-legged individual. Though inclined to a monkish rotundity, he is active in his movements, and carries himself as of the blood royal but without the slightest stiffness. When speaking you notice that his voice is a bit thick, but none the less distinct. After the lecture His Highness mingled with the audience, shaking hands and doing the agreeable generally with those he knew. No enthusiasm was manifested, and no God Save the Queen sung. In fact, the whole affair was characterized by that quiet propriety that marks the cultured Englishman.

The other evening I attended a largely attended meeting of the Church of England Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, Strand, and heard the speech of the chairman, the Bishop of St. Asaph. His lordship divided the personnel of the mission field into colonists, heathens within the Empire and heathens without the Empire. Passing by the two divisions of heathens, it struck me that the bishop was unnecessarily concerned about colonial souls when he thought they stood in urgent need of the spiritual assistance of 'ome parsons. The opinion of the speaker seemed to be that thousands of people in the colonies were pining for parsons. During a residence of upwards of twenty years in one of the said colonies, I must say I've never met a pinner, nor was I aware that there was any lack of spiritual conveniences in our colonies. The great difficulty is that the Anglicans seem to consider all peoples without the pale unless they are immediately under the wing of the Mother Church. They are forced to admit that the dissenting denominations are more popular in the colonies than the Church proper; but they do not seem to understand that a free-born and independent colonial will not submit to the regime that, generally speaking, characterizes the Established Church. If a man has any place of worship at all within easy distance of his home, and he is content with it, surely no other denomination need worry about that man's spiritual needs. Missions to the Jews and missions to the colorists are not well supported, we're told. Query: Ought they to be?

On December 4 the centenary of Carlyle's birth was enthusiastically celebrated in different places in Great Britain, but notably in Chelsea, where the sage spent his best years, and in Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, where he was born and buried. Hundreds of London's literary men and women gathered together in Chelsea to witness the taking over by the trustees of the little deeds of Carlyle's house in

Cheyne-row, and to hear Mr. John Morley deliver an address appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Morley objected to the term Sage being applied to Carlyle; he considered him the very opposite of a sage. In his interesting speech the late Minister for Ireland dealt with the great author's early struggles, his personal characteristics, his work and its probable future. He considered that Carlyle's books were not destined to be immortal, and that his services to mankind were more of a suggestion than of a tangible character.

Mr. Morley told several good stories of the great Scotchman, among others Tennyson's opinion of the domestic infelicity that was so prominent in the Cheyne-row house. "Well," said the late poet, "it's a blessing that Mrs. Carlyle married Thomas Carlyle, otherwise there would have been two unhappy homes instead of one."

The old house in Chelsea, where the best works of the anti-sham philosopher were penned, has had a chequered experience since his decease. At one time it was used as an infirmary for decrepit cats and dogs. Ye gods! think of sickly felines and mangy dogs occupying the very room in which the author of Sartor Resartus thought and wrote. However, now it has been purchased by admirers, and every effort has been made to fix it up as it was of old. A knock at the door and a shilling admits you to all parts of the house. The library is the most interesting room. Here you see the very books the Sage of Chelsea thumbed. Most of them are German, with his copious notes in the margins. The old inkstand, the ordinary clothes-peg that held together the manuscript of Frederick the Great, letters from Goethe, Disraeli, Bismarck and others; the long clay pipe, hat, stick and many things besides—all these are now on view to those who list to see the house of the rugged teacher. How many ever knew that Carlyle was an inventor? Very few, I fancy. But here we have a patented screw-cog horse-shoe invented by him in 1834. He never reaped any benefit from it, though it is in common use to-day. The writing-table stands in its accustomed place. "I have written all my books upon it, except only Schiller," wrote Carlyle in his will, and added, "For the fifty years and upwards that are now passed I have considered it among the most precious of my possessions."

Referring to John Morley, it is now settled that he will contest the Montrose constituency. His friends wish him success and his political opponents would not be sorry to see him elected. Everyone admires his sincerity and his ability, though many talk about "doctrinaire politician" and all that sort of thing.

What I like about Morley is that he's had to struggle along just like the rest of us. It makes us feel as if we knew him. He has never been rich, and sometimes he has been most mightily hard up. When he came to London to look for literary fame and found it not at home, he resorted to various means to gain a living. Among other things he helped to promote a certain patent medicine that paid him better than any literary effort had done up to that time. The medicine never did any good as far as we can learn. Let us hope that it did no harm. At any rate, we're all grateful to that same medicine for giving John a leg-up. Mr. Morley discovered W. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, and Mr. Stead is not the kind of man to forget that kind of a discovery. In Ireland the name of John Morley stands next to that of Gladstone. The late secretary is looked upon as the only active English Liberal who still stands by the Home Rule policy. He is as firm and as outspoken as ever on the question, and the Irish appreciate

it. The request to stand for Montrose is a sign of how Irishmen appreciate and admire John Morley.

Chatting the other day with a Dublin University man who had Irish politics by heart, I was able to learn something of the way in which our Edward Blake is looked upon by Irishmen, and of his status in his party. In the first place he is expected to enthuse the sons and daughters of Brian Boru in America to the end that money may flow into the ever empty coffers of the Home Rulers. His personal contributions are also praised more highly than his speeches. Mr. Blake's oratory was always a bit prosy, and certainly during his career as an Irish politician his speaking has attracted no great attention. Not but that he's head and shoulders above most of his confreres in point of ability; but the cold, heavy style of the man and of his speeches always was and is now anything but magnetic. Then, again, he seems to be forced into the background by his fellow-members. In fact, it's a case of "freezing out." When he speaks in Ireland, it more frequently than not happens that the local papers will dismiss his two hours' oration in a few lines, and then devote a column to the harangue of some practically unknown Irish member. If ever an able man was coldly shouldered into the shade by mediocrities, that man is Edward Blake. As a proud man and as one used to a front seat in the synagogue in Canada, he must feel keenly the fact that "Not needed in Ireland" expresses the general opinion of himself. Many have wondered why he does not pack up and go home. Oh, there's the rub. It would indeed look very, very silly to see the great Dominic Edward Blake coming back to Canada without having done anything but play a mock heroic part without applause in the Irish drama. People might say he was retreating after a second disappointment in politics. However, depend upon it, he'll not return to the Dominion for some time yet. It pays him to be here. Just at present he's in New Zealand as an arbitrator in a matter involving millions. Here in London his practice before the Privy Council is considerable and just the kind of work that a brilliant counsel like Blake is fitted for. I never met anyone who failed to give him his just dues as a barrister, but when you speak of the member for South Longford, the conversation drags.

London, Dec. 19.

T. H. G.

## He Was Discreet.

The late Sir Henry Ponsonby was a capital hand at parrying indiscreet and impertinent queries. On one occasion at Osborne a German correspondent, who was anxious to see the Indian or Durbar Room, thought it a good opportunity for pumping the Queen's private secretary as to the matrimonial intentions of one of Her Majesty's grandchildren.

"Is it true," asked the journalist brusquely, "that Princess — is to be married to Prince —?"

Sir Henry eyed the correspondent curiously, and, with a quiet smile, replied: "I have not seen the engagement announced."

"But," urged the Teuton, "I have heard it on excellent authority."

"In that case," replied Sir Henry, with crushing civility, "you have no need of further information on the subject."

The correspondent asked no more questions.

He—I guess there's going to be some more quarrelling in our church choir. She—You don't mean it? Yes, I do; the contralto is going to marry the tenor.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



DOROTHY.



He motioned to her to remain seated.



been accustomed to the greatest homage at all times from the other sex, and this was a new experience for her. She signed to her maid to leave the apartment, and when the door was closed again, she began:

"I have come to consult you," she said coldly. "As you are not aware of the fact, I may tell you that I was until very recently the most popular dancer in London. I am also very well known in Paris and Vienna, and for a season was the rage of New York." She rattled off her qualifications volubly, confidently expecting to find the doctor's attitude thaw as the announcement.

But he only bowed more coldly than ever. And then he had the unspeakable rudeness to pull out his watch and gaze at it with a marked frown.

fasten around your neck tightly enough to let this wire touch it at the back. Then draw out this peg. That will set the machinery in motion. When this dial registers sixty, replace the peg and all will be ready. The influence will not endure for more than half an hour, so that the battery must not be applied till the last moment. Get your doctor to give you a sleeping-draught, and take it as soon as your performance is over. You will not sleep without it."

Carissima was profuse in her thanks, and having promised to call and return the battery as soon as possible, and narrate her experience faithfully, she summoned her maid and drove away.

The theatrical world was taken by surprise.

## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

## BERMUDA

Bicycles may now be rented at low rates at Hamilton, Ontario, and the necessity of looking after one's wheel on route. Winter trips to the West Indies, Jamaica, Nassau and all Southern resorts. Berths should be reserved on all steamships considerably in advance of sailing.

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## Short Stories Retold.

Mr. Brandon Thomas, author of *Charley's Aunt*, is a humorist. During a recent visit to Glasgow he was asked by an autograph crank to put his name in her album. He wrote "Charley's Aunt. From the Globe Theatre, whence the chestnuts come."

It takes an Irishman to get out of a difficulty. During the Belfast riots a ready-witted Hibernian was waylaid by a party of roughs and asked what his political views were. He did not know to which side his questioners belonged, but surveying their weapons, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that man yonder with the big shillalah."

Following the manner of certain artists, Mr. Frank Holl, the famous portrait painter, is somewhat given to orjuration when his effects don't come. He was painting the Bishop of York and at one of the sittings used striking words. "You ought not to talk like that before me," said the bishop. "I am not swearing at you," said Holl, "only at this d— picture."

Professor Blackie was asked once to preside at a temperance meeting, and, being of an amiable turn of mind, he consented; but he did not help the cause much, for this is what he said: "I cannot understand why I am asked to be here. I am not a teetotaler—far from it. If a man asks me to dine with him, and does not give me a good glass of wine, I say that he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, ladies tea, and fools water."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling took a great fancy to little Miss Dorothy Drew, the favorite grandchild of Mr. Gladstone, and endeavored to make a good impression upon her by telling tales. After some time Mrs. Drew, fearing Mr. Kipling might be tired, called to her and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been good, and not wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, no, mother, not a bit," replied the child, adding with a sigh, "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me!"

In the course of a lecture on the arbitrariness of the English language, delivered before a class of junior Greek students, Professor Blackie said: "Look at our terminations, for example, 'payer' is a man who pays, 'payee' a man who is paid. In the same way you speak of the 'drawer' of a cheque. But, on the other hand a pair of drawers"—at this point a look of intelligent, though amused interest, combined with shocked exclamations, broke the thread of his discourse. The Professor paused—"In which I keep the examination papers are things drawn, not things that draw."

On one occasion, a magistrate asked a woman, "What is your age, madam?" "Whatever you choose, sir," answered the lady. She was under oath. "You may put down forty-five years, then," said the magistrate to the clerk; "what is your occupation, madam?" "Sir," said the witness, "you have made a mistake of ten years in my age." "Put down fifty-five years, then," said the magistrate; "your residence—?" "Sir," exclaimed the lady, "my age is thirty-five years, not fifty-five!" "At last we have your statement," said the magistrate; and he proceeded with the examination.

A workman in a mine who had played baseball in his time once saved his life by making a good catch. He was standing at the bottom of a shaft waiting for a bucketful of dynamite-sticks that were being let down to him. The bucket was part way down, when he saw it strike against some obstruction and turn partly over. Out fell one of the sticks. He watched it falling in a zig-zag course—a messenger of instant death. When it struck the hard bottom, there would be a tremendous explosion and a dead miner. But it did not strike the hard bottom. Like a player on the ball-field, the workman put up his hands and caught the stick.

Sir Joseph Crowe in his *Reminiscences* relates an attempt made by him to interview the blind King of Hanover. The necessary arrangements having been made, Crowe was told to be ready on the following morning "in uniform." He wrote to General Brandis to say he was not entitled to wear any uniform. The general was aghast, and replied that surely he must have something in the shape of a uniform, a court dress, or a Lord Lieutenant's coat. Newspaper correspondents do not, as a rule, possess this latter garment, and Crowe was obliged to own he had nothing of the kind. Messages went flying backwards and forwards through the town of Hanover, and finally the querry wrote to say that his Majesty "under the circumstances would prefer not to see me."

## Between You and Me.

Of all queer confessions the queerest have been some made by men and women recently in an American monthly regarding men, women and books most influential in the lives of the confessors. "Which most influenced me," is what they try to tell about. It is difficult enough thing to be sure about, because it is so difficult to know just what part of our lives was most open to influence and most important in regard to all the rest, and furthermore, we're not dead yet, nor have we insured ourselves against perhaps the very power that waits to rule us. When I was small there was one voice which said, "I expect it of you," when a very hard hill was to be climbed. Only five words, which have been the spur in my side my life long, partly because the voice has long ceased speaking on earth (at least to others), and to hear it in spirit, and obey it, is the only way to make it easier to accept its going away, the only way to show how I loved it. When one believes in you, it is easy to justify that one's belief; it is nourishing to the soul, especially the soul of a woman, to feel that so and so of heromism, of truth, of loyalty, of purity is expected of you.

On New Year's Eve, just at the turn of the midnight hour, the great heart of the world expects something. If one can be ready at that universal moment, there is, says a wise woman, a special power available, by the aid of which one may learn something that but few know. It is the vibrating expectancy which draws this wondrous power earthward, from the Great Unknown, and here and there it rests, while the great mass of earthworms ring bells and shake hands with one another and shout in the face of the Divine Power. "We are earthworms, we don't want you." But here and there are souls who know, and watch and wait, and here and there, they are rewarded.

Only for this is New Year's Eve worthy. Otherwise, what difference can there be, because we have chosen to say, "Here ends the year, the little round of heat and cold and light and dark we call a year," between the last moment of the thirty first of December and the last of another day? It is only that the notion of it makes us quiet, receptive, reverent, as indeed we should often be, and our attitude wows the unknown, which is repelled by noise and sordid cares and greed and strife. This is at the bottom of the idea of the watch-night service, which should be a power amazing, but is instead rather a tiresome and scoffed-at affair by ninety-nine out of a hundred whose opposition is strong to cripple its power, so subtle are the ways of the unseen forces about us.

I like the strong, hearty cry "Happy New Year." And I like the brave and loyal spirit that can look into the faces of twelve long months, faces aglow with sunshine or a flood with tears, God knoweth! and still wish itself the brave greeting. Sometimes when I hear people saying to me, or when I say myself, "I wish you a Happy New Year," the words are faint and hollow-sounding because I know that they or I care not whether that person's New Year be happy or miserable. So false we are, so foolish and so given to the utterances of sweet-sounding lies! It has happened that the close of this year has been full of other people's troubles for me. Ah, those troubles that are not ours unless we choose, and yet that for love's sake we must choose. They are quite the hardest, and have the power to twist heart-strings that the finger of Fate tightens on in vain to our selfish tune. And when these troubled souls have laid part of their burden upon another, they are apt to add bitterness by remarking, "You can't understand how hard to bear is this or that sin or sorrow." Good people, who bore the saddest burden since the earth was! And was it His own or others' burden?

There is in Paris a woman who leads a wondrous life. She is called the Pain-bearer. A man who has seen her says that she has stood beside a patient lying on the operating-table, whose foot was being cut off, and the patient has asked, "What is the matter with her?" For as the knife and the saw cleft flesh and bone the girl has writhed and caught at her foot and murmured a prayer for mercy, and all the while the patient watching her has felt no pain. And the girl has fainted before the sharp sting of the raw wound has shocked the crippled patient from his hour of peace, and he has realized what the Pain-bearer has done for him. When one reads or hears of such a thing as this the world slips away, and the realities of life, the love and the strength and the beauty of it are there in their completeness. It has often looked to me as if I saw something like this when I have watched the mother gather her suffering child to her bosom, and with strong love hush it until her eyes were weary and her head drooped in pain, but her tired lips curved triumphant as she saw her wee thing asleep. There was not much to tire her, had she not taken the pain unto herself, from her instinct of mother-love and all unconscious of her beautiful act.

LADY GAY.

## Their First Christmas at Home.

Mr. Newbryde (attempting to carve the turkey)—Good heavens, Mary! What have you stuffed this turkey with?  
Mrs. Newbryde (with dignity)—Why, with oysters, as you told me.  
Mr. Newbryde (again trying to force his knife through)—But it feels like rocks or stones.  
Mrs. Newbryde—Oh, you mean, horrid, cruel brute! That is the oyster-shell. You always told me the only way you liked oysters was in the shells.

## That Pale Face

For nervous prostration and anemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

She—I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigarette in my presence. He—Then I'll throw it away. She—Oh, I didn't mean that—Life.

Windsor Salt for Table and Dairy Purest and Best.

## Points About People.



UMOR has it that Mr. Astor, whose wife died not very long ago in London, is soon to marry an English lady of high rank. It will be remembered that Mr. Astor discontinued the *Pall Mall Budget* to mark his sorrow, and he succeeded in convincing many that grief had made him mad. Some knew, however, that the *Budget* was too fine a paper for the money and was being published at a loss. It will be recalled also that the bereaved Mr. Astor paid an astonishing sum of money to a florist on condition that his wife's grave was to be covered with flowers every day for one year. The florist is still persevering in his pathetic contract—isn't nearly through—yet already rumor is saying what it is saying. It is said, also, that Mr. Astor will, after marrying the lady of high rank, become naturalized as an Englishman, so that with such a wife and so much wealth, we may soon find the Earl of Astor, or the Duke of John-Jacobs, snugly ensconced in the House of Lords.

This is a picture of Dr. Mary Walker as she appears in public. It was about thirty years ago that Dr. Mary raised such a tremendous sensation by walking down the streets of Washington in male attire. It was the only clever thing she ever did. The papers have been saying lately that she is organizing a New Woman colony, seven miles out of Oswego, but the fact is that she recently fell heir to thirty-five acres of land at the point named and only intends, it would appear, to get enough women about her to do the farm work. They can wear anything they like. So far Mary has secured not a solitary colonist. She is getting old. Look at her! Do you think it likely that women will ever discard the female dress, with its possibilities in color and design, to adopt the sombre and arbitrary clothing of men? A few freaks may always be found to ape the male kind, but would it not be better if the male attire were made more various? Would not a little more dash and color in his garments improve a man's appearance?

Many people were quite shocked to read in the papers the report of a speech delivered by General Lew Wallace on the prospect of war between the United States and Great Britain. He was quite inflammatory, and said he would at once see about organizing a regiment or a brigade. This is the author of *Ben-Hur*, who has made such a careful study of the life and times of our Saviour. I remember meeting an ex-officer of the Federal army a few years ago, who knew General Wallace well. This gentleman said that the General during the war was recognized as the most profane and wicked man in the army, and he could not believe that he was writing a "religious novel." We have heard much of Lew Wallace's desire to atone for a bad past by writing good books; now he is atoning for his good books by making bad speeches and lectures on literary and war topics.

Queens often find themselves in a dilemma when they have to receive repugnant persons. Queen Margherita of Italy is a devout Catholic, and holds very strict views on marriage. When Crispien came to power, his first wife was still alive, as was also the first husband of his second wife. At first the queen stoutly refused to admit Donna Lina to court, and a tremendous storm ensued. Her Majesty, however, had to give way, and her words on the occasion were: "All right! tell Signor Crispien I will receive his wife; but I will receive only one of them, and I insist it must always be the same one."

The late Duke of Hamilton, who, it will be remembered, figured in the pages of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary as her first love, had a curious way of remembering events. He coupled the thing he wished to bear in mind with trifling occurrences of the same year. This habit once led to a curious admission. He was making a large claim against the estate of Mr. Padwick, and there was a preliminary hearing in one of the rooms of the court. The questions and answers were sustained on the following lines throughout: "What year did your Grace's mother die?" "I don't remember the date, but it was Blue Gown's year." "Do you remember the month?" "Well, the weights were just out for the Lincoln Handicap."

The British Columbia Legislature will meet on January 23, and a new Premier will have the guidance of the Government, Hon. J. H. Turner. Mr. Turner is Premier and Minister of Agriculture, and has been one of the representatives of Victoria for some years. He has but recently returned from London, where he succeeded in floating the new British Columbia loan, on satisfactory terms. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. C. A. Semlin of Cache Creek, has already arrived in Victoria, and is understood to be getting ready to attack Premier Turner's disposition of the loan. Unless this question develops something hot, there is likely to be a very quiet and prosy session, for they have not now a school question in British Columbia, and the Provincial elections are three years off.

"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?" "Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, and I done it."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

## A Broad-Minded Doctor.

Relates Some Experiences in His Own Practice.

Believe in Recommending Any Medicine That He Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery.

"AKRON, Pa., April 24th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is—well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule recognize; much less use preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I



J. D. Albright, M. D.

was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather he contracted what was thought to be sciatica, he having first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly."

"He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis."

"Why," says he, "I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work."

"Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a result tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth."

Yours respectfully,  
J. D. ALBRIGHT, M. D.

## Child and the Theologian.

Westminster Budget.

Rev. David Macrae has brought together in a most interesting little volume, entitled *Quaint Sayings of Children*, a number of stories, many of them old, but nearly all of them good. There is one evidently told in print for the first time of a little girl in Aberdeen who brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning. "Thank you, my little girl," he said, "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath."

Others assume the virtues which Warre's Port Wine possesses. Our competitors advertise their wine as

"Nearly Free

From Sediment"

"Absolutely Free

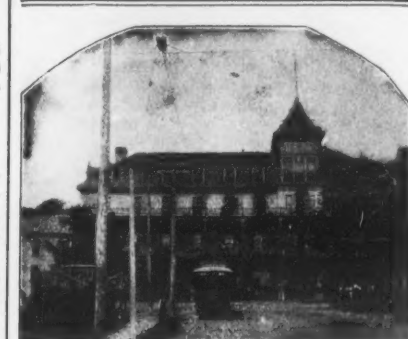
From Sediment"

BUT—ARE THEY ?

Warre's Convido Wine is, and every bottle proves it, worth trying, and see how superior it is when bottled at the vineyard in Oporto.

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day!" "No, sir," replied the child, "I pulled them this morning. But they was growin' all yesterday."



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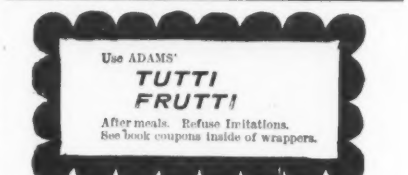


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Mr. Carl Ahrens' studio, 7 Avenue Chambers, corner of College and Spadina, was visited by many of his friends last Saturday for a private view of a number of his pictures. The subjects were simple, homely scenes of village or country; a sunny view of stream or meadow with a boat drawn up on shore, a moonlight effect in which the daylight still lingers, and another where the moon rises over a dark landscape, were all given with much feeling. The covered bridge over a narrow stream was the subject of one of these moonlight studies, and a very quaint subject it is, the ruddy light of its interior in contrast to the colder tones of sky and water. Another phase of nature which Mr. Ahrens has interpreted is a hot, smoky day in late autumn with the sun a red ball in the sky a little above the horizon; the landscape and house and the road with its travelers are all seen through this atmosphere. An orchard with a flock of turkeys and a lurid sunset were among the other pictures, each of which had its admirers.

There is something new to be found in many of the art galleries for the interested seeker at this time. At that of Messrs. Matthews Bros., Yonge street, are a number of canvases by many of our leading Canadian artists. An excellent cattle piece by F. C. V. Ede; several groups of flowers by Mrs. Reid, in which the loose grace of the flowers is beautifully rendered (for Mrs. Reid's manner in flower painting has changed considerably, and without losing any skill in conveying color and texture she has gained much in breadth and freedom); a figure of an old woman seated just outside her door on a hot summer afternoon, by George Hitchcock, is a very interesting bit of work, as is also a winter scene by Smith-Hald. Several very fine water-colors of the Dutch school and a number of T. B. Hardy's rather brilliant marine effects are to be seen here also.

At the art galleries of Messrs. Roberts & Son, King street, Miss Mason has a beautiful display of decorated china; every imaginable kind of dish, useful or ornamental, seems to be represented, and the manner of treatment shows much versatility. As a matter of taste we prefer the more conventionalized use of flowers or the tinted china with gold "trimmings," of which there were many beautiful examples, all showing excellent taste in colors as well as originality of design and freedom in handling. The more realistic decorations of roses, grapes, chrysanthemums and other flowers were both beautiful and appropriate, and the decorated glass left nothing to be desired. In the larger gallery here the three chief places were filled respectively with large canvases by Ernest Paton, L. R. O'Brien and William Cruikshank.

In the gallery of Messrs. Bain & Son, King street east, in addition to much new work by L. R. O'Brien and Homer Watson, are some very fine water-colors of the Dutch school, among the best of which is a figure by Albert Neuhuy. Pelouse will always be admired by many, and the landscape here is a good example of his manner. A forest scene by J. K. Lawson has fine qualities and The Herdsman by A. Artz tells much in a strong, simple manner. As full of sentiment but differently expressed is The Evening of Life by A. H. Burr; the figure of the old lady gazing longingly and musingly into the fire is full of pathos. The variety in this room of the very widely differing manners of the artists represented, and fully represented, would afford an interesting study of comparison; the only thing needed is a startling bit of impressionism by way of contrast and as a representative of a certain modern movement that has made its mark on our age.

In speaking of the exhibition of Mr. C. Dana Gibson's work, held lately at Keppel's gallery, New York, the Art Amateur says: "To students who wish to acquire a style of drawing suitable for photographic reproduction the exhibition was particularly interesting, as Mr. Gibson has developed an independent style, which has, from an artistic point of view, certain positive merits, and from a practical point of view no less positive defects. Drawing on a very large scale, he is forced to use for his heavier lines some other implements than the pen, and has apparently chosen a narrow and very stiff brush; at least, his lines have all the character of lines made with a narrow brush, in which the ink has been allowed to harden except at the point. This ordinarily makes a line not unlike that produced by a broad-nibbed quill pen, but two or three times as broad. The depth of tone, however, varies in different parts of the line, and occasionally at the edges appear fine lines or dots made by straggling hairs. The flat of the brush or a larger brush is used to fill in blacks solidly, and by using also cross-hatching with an ordinary quill or other pen he secures great richness of color in the darks. Thus a lady's hair may be put in with a stiff and rather dry brush, the mass of black shade in her dress with a flowing brush, and a dark background of nearly equal value with cross-hatched lines drawn with the pen." And of Mr. Frost's

illustrations to the edition of Uncle Remus, the same writer remarks: "Unlike Mr. Gibson, Frost charms entirely by his humor and imagination. He indulges in no display of technique, but, whether working in pen and ink or in gouache, proceeds by the most obvious and simple methods, obtaining results that are irresistibly humorous, and at the same time wonderfully true to nature. It is useless to describe his drawings. They must be seen to be appreciated." LYNN C. DOYLE.

### For Holiday Gifts.

PERHAPS it has not occurred to you that a good many people do not what we call "Keep Christmas." Among several religious bodies Christmas is not observed, and even among the devout and reverent Scottish church people New Year's takes precedence as a holiday and season of gift-giving. Therefore for the New Year's gift I have a few suggestions mainly adapted to the needs of feminine recipients. As pocket-books will wear out, a new one is a welcome gift to either young or elderly women, and those made this year look new by reason of their great size. They measure five inches or more in length, and are very thick and capacious. Dealers say this increase is owing to the fact that ladies will carry calling-cards in their pocket-books, hence they have furnished room for them, as well as for paper money, silver, notes, samples, etc. It certainly is more convenient to carry one case than two, yet when calling in the late afternoon hours the pocket-book looks clumsy, and is discarded for the neat and slender card case. There is a fancy for light leathers this season, for lizard and snake skins of very fanciful markings, for both *porte-monnaies* and card-cases, and they are elaborately decorated with silver in *applique* designs, rather heavier than those used on the English morocco or on those of French manufacture. Of course, they are lined throughout with kid of a color matching the outside.

To a friend who reads much fiction and all the magazines, give a book-cover made of morocco treated in a new way, prettily mottled and in new colors. It is richly lined with *moiré* of some delicate contrasting tint, fitted with a pocket on either side for notes, and also a paper-knife. For another friend, who travels much, choose a *necessaire* for holding jewelry, arranged for scarf-pins of various lengths, stick-pins, hat-pins, brooches, etc. The whole affair is grandly covered with white brocade and made up so softly that it cannot be cumbersome to carry about the person. As no one can have too many sofa-pillows, one need not hesitate to send one to a friend year after year. Oriental covers for pillows are the fashion of the present moment, whether made of woven silks or of embroideries that may at some time have been part of the coat of a brave warrior or of the petticoat of an Eastern woman. A great deal of gold embroidery goes into these pillows, done on what is called Chinese satin of brilliant colors, not much lustrous and evidently very durable. They are made up in the plainest manner in a large square, or else longer than they are broad, that they may serve on single brass bedsteads as well as on sofas and couches. Such rich stuffs cannot be made up too simply, and, indeed, it is noted everywhere that the best pillows and cushions are without the ruffles that bordered them last season. They are also without corded and moss-fringed edges, in many cases the Oriental fabric being merely wrapped around the pillow, without regard to its design. Pillows twenty to twenty-four inches square are in greatest favor, the first for ladies' rooms, the last for men's dens. An important matter is that the pillow itself be good, stuffed with the best down, and fully stuffed, as nothing is more disappointing than a pillow half filled. If economy must be used, let it be on the cover rather than in the interior, on which comfort depends.

If selecting a gift for the young women or girls among one's relations to whom one is at liberty to give an article of dress, choose the pretty collars of muslin or *mousseline de soie* with which the shops abound. At the lowest price are white muslin collarettes, sheer and pretty, trimmed with yellow lace, with a stylish stock of white satin ribbon fastened in the back under a huge bow or a *chove*, and others of silk muslin, either white or black, trimmed with white Honiton braid and creamy *applique* lace in most effective fashion. Some of these have the Russian yoke, round and shallow, with a ruffle below of *mousseline* or of lace, while others spread out in great square epaulettes that make even last season's sleeves look stylish. For girls not quite grown, as well as for young ladies in society, are ribbon stocks of white satin, made with an immense bow at the back, with noched ends standing in all directions, and for the older girls completed by a lace frill falling low on each side or a standing frill reaching up to the ears. Dark *chine* and Persian ribbons are used in many stocks, while others are bands of satin around the neck, with a flaring circular ruffle of *miroir* velvet above.

A bit of real lace is also now a welcome gift even to very young women, as it is used as a cravat bow or a jabot with very simple costumes. Indeed, the fancy trimming laces are fast losing favor, and *applique* and genuine point d'Angleterre are replacing them. Quite young women wear veils and collarettes of black Brussels net or of *mousseline de soie*, on which white *applique* lace forms a border of scallops and a very slender vine.

The fad for Dutch silver continues. It is so quaint and effective, and so light of weight as to be very inexpensive. It is now much combined with etched glass, the open patterned silver forming a standard for a glass vase for two or three roses, or a holder for a perfume bottle. The bottle has an antique shape, and the stopple is of silver surmounted by a cherub.

Linens of delicate colors, Nile green, canary and pink, are used by the Decorative Art Society for pillows that are seen all the year in country houses, on yachts, and in chambers of town-houses. By way of decoration they are effectively embroidered in white silk in large all-over designs of some huge flower with its foliage. A rather small pillow, scarcely more than the head-rest for a high back chair, is of the most delicate green shade without embroidery, but bordered with a band of white *gouture* lace, the edges straight like those of insertion. LA MODE.

### One Mother and Her Boy.

A mother says this of her boy: "At certain times he would throw himself about and shriek for hours together." We have no reason whatever for doubting the truth of her statement. The poor little fellow lost flesh rapidly, of course; very much as though he were perishing of what is called galloping consumption, which often terminates fatally in five or six weeks, and usually chooses its victims among young persons. He got little sleep, and at times was in great agony and acted as if in fits and convulsions. He would then scream for hours together, as his mother declares.

Terrified at this, his mother took him to a doctor, who treated him for some time but without lessening or changing the mysterious malady in any degree. Subsequently two other doctors in succession took charge of the case, without affecting the slightest improvement in these alarming symptoms. The boy grew worse indeed, and it was clear that unless relief were obtained, the little fellow's life would, at most, be worth only a few months' purchase.

In July (1892), Mrs. Enever got a letter of recommendation, and took Bertie to Shadwell Hospital, where he was under treatment for three months. The doctors there were equally unsuccessful. They said he had consumption of the bowels, and was incurable; and advised the anxious mother to get a doctor to attend the boy at his own home.

The remainder of the history of the case is perhaps best stated in Mrs. Enever's written memorandum, dated April 15th, 1893. She says: "I procured the services of a local physician, as the hospital doctors advised me to do; but he only endorsed what the others had said, and further told me that my boy could not last many days longer, and that medicine was of no use now. I was now more than a living skeleton, the bones of his spine and ribs looking as though they must break through the skin. We had to lift him up on a sheet and give him brandy every two hours. We now abandoned all hope of his recovery, and having seen his doctors to no purpose, we did not think it possible for him to get better."

"On October 12, I first heard of a medicine called Seigel's Syrup, through a pamphlet which was left at our house. I thought as I had no other resource I would try it. My husband got a bottle from Mr. Davis, drug store, in Commercial road. After I had given Bertie this medicine for a few days the sickness and diarrhea ceased, and he ate and digested food. Gradually he grew stronger and stronger, until he became quite plump and in the best of health. Scores of neighbors have asked what brought my child back to life. I tell them that Seigel's Syrup saved him after the doctors had failed. You may publish this statement if you like. Yours truly, (Signed) Harriet Enever."

The reader (like ourselves) will be almost as glad over this little boy's recovery as the fond mother and father. But what was it that aided him? For the sake of other parents whose children suffer after the same fashion, we must answer this question if we can. And we can.

Bertie Enever's real complaint was acute indigestion, with inflammation of the coat of the stomach, and torpid liver. The diarrhea was nature's attempt to get rid of the poison (which may also have contained thread worms) and the spasms, or fits, were the result of the action of the poison on the brain and nervous system. The wasting away necessarily followed the diarrhea and the suspension of nutrition. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup removed the cause—the disease of the stomach—and childhood again got its rights—health and happiness.

### With the Humorists.

One—Stickers has been telling us of marvelous sums he has made on Wall street. Is he a Napoleon of finance? Two—Well, hardly—more of a Napoleon of narration!—Puck.

Williamson—Do artists make money? Henderson—Some do. Take Van Dabble, for instance. Whenever he sells a ten dollar picture, he borrows twenty five dollars on the strength of it.—Puck.

The bonds most sought for by a duke With mortgaged matrimony Invariably will find Are those of matrimony.—New York Recorder.

Customer—Have done with telling me stories that makes one's hair stand on end. Barber—I'm telling you them on purpose, because when the hair stands on end, it is better to cut.—It Caffaro.

She—I was afraid you were going to kiss me then, you pursued your lips so. He—Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that. I merely had some sand in my mouth. She—Don't take it out. It may get into your system.—High School World.

Clothier—Were you pleased with the overcoat which I sold you? Customer—Oh, yes; it was very warm. Clothier—It was. I was thinking of that! Customer—Every time after a rain the next smaller one had to take it.—Elegante Blatter.

His hairs were silvered while her locks were gold. "Come, be my wife," said he; "I'm not too old." "Silver and gold can't wed, so don't insist," Quoth she, "for I'm a monometalist."—Judge.

There was a large attendance of students and their friends at the closing exercises of the British American Business College on Friday, December 20. Mr. Stanleth Caldecott, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, occupied the chair, and with him on the platform were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Professor Goldwin Smith, Messrs. J. Herbert Mason, James W. C. Edwards, Trov, and other prominent business men. An exceedingly practical address was delivered by Mr. Caldecott, in which he congratulated the college on its superior facilities for imparting the sort of training required by those who expected to hold important positions in the commercial world. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor presented the gold medals awarded for proficiency in shorthand and typewriting and improvement in penmanship to Miss Alice Halls and Miss Corlisa Howell, respectively. In doing so His Honor referred to the many men prominent in business circles throughout the province who had received their training at the British American College; the progress of such men was always much more rapid than that of men forced to struggle along without such advantages.

Professor Goldwin Smith presented the gold medal given by the President of the Board of Trade for general proficiency in commercial subjects, the winner being Mr. J. H. Chinn of Uxbridge. Professor Smith, Dr. James Beatty and Mr. J. H. Mason all delivered brief addresses to the students full of kindly advice containing many references to the important work done by this institution during its thirty-five years' existence. The college was then closed for the holidays and will re-open on Monday, Jan. 6, 1896.

### THE LATEST:

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### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MARJORIE DAW.—I. See answer to Yum-Yum. 2. Your writing shows signs of immaturity, and being written on blue lines, seems a very flimsy and formal study. I don't think I could make much of it.

BROWN.—This is quite too childish a study, but it is excellent in the following traits. Hope, discretion, conscientiousness, honor and perseverance. The writer has reasoning power promising well.

SARAH.—Your question is quite too vague. For a quarter, and up to a dollar you can get fashion magazines which tell of millinery and fashions. You can get the current number of Harper's Bazar at Tyrrell's book store, 12 King street west.

TOM.—I. It is not necessary. Your remarks to SATURDAY NIGHT are very comforting. 2. Your study is capital, showing a free and independent mind, splendid energy and perseverance, fine judgment, a good deal of ambition, content, nice taste and appreciation of beauty, good method, order and care for details. There's a pessimistic streak I don't like.

KITTY ALLEN.—So you've been puzzling over it, too, have you? What on earth for, Kitty? What difference to you who does it? Curiously, idly wanting to know, is a sin of most shallow minds, men's or women's. You're not shallow, but generous, cautious, affectionate, self-respecting, honest, careful and good-tempered. I don't think it would be hard to like you.

J. O. H. N.—I don't see why you are not an amiable person. Your character has many a twist and turn, but they're not cranky. It is a most inconsequent and irrational study in some respects, but now and then shows tenacity, discretion and originality quite refreshing. There is a lack of decision and snap about it, but plenty of humor, intuition, a certain amount of hope and a fine idea of independence. I am afraid you're not very sentimental, and I am quite sure I like you.

TAKE.—You and Yum-Yum have several traits in common. Both are positive and not infallible in judgment, but you are less clever, and more often correct. Your character is not so undisciplined and your reasoning is more consecutive. You don't fly about so wildly in your mind. Your temper is better and the whole disposition more amenable to rules and regulations. I think you would be a more trustworthy confidant, and I see the making of a fine woman in you. I don't think time will fall to greatly change both of you.

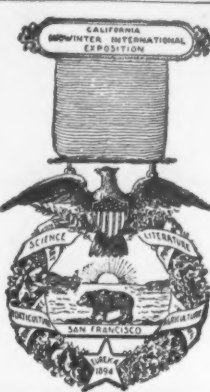
CANADIAN.—"Spirited impartiality" is good, especially from an exile. Now you should be sure of my very best efforts. You are rather of a high-strung and restless nature, prone to pessimism, and not perhaps blessed with robust health; you are conservative, mentally bright and intuitive, cautious and prudent, rather tenacious, with some sense of humor and a rather independent nature;

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you know your own mind, and rarely depart from any course you have determined upon. You are full of resources, and what you can't get by force you probably will by diplomacy.

YUM-YUM.—I. What a question! Are people with brown eyes considered deceitful? My dear little Jap, the color hasn't the least mile to do with it. I've been cheated nearly out of my back hair by a being with innocent blue eyes. 2. Your writing shows much self-assertion and erratic and unreliable judgment, some originality, a touchy temper, very little romance, a fine eye to the main chance, a will in need of control and a character strong and undisciplined. You rather prefer men to women and are somewhat apt to make friends who do not turn out the perfection you painted them. But you strike me as a lovable and charming woman, full of woman's ways.

The President doesn't seem to care who makes the laws of the people so long as he can shoot the ducks.—New York Tribune.

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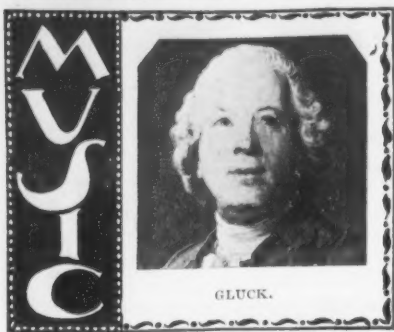
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The quality of the Christmas music rendered by our leading choir during the present festival season has been fully up to the standard of previous years. Chorus from the Messiah and other selections from the works of standard American and English church composers form the principal material for the musical services of our various Protestant churches. In the Roman Catholic churches special music has also been a feature of the services. The most notable production of the season among the choirs of the Roman Catholic churches was, undoubtedly, the rendering of Drorak's Mass in D, at Our Lady of Lourdes, under the direction of the organist of the church, Miss Fannie Sullivan. On this occasion the choir was augmented and an orchestra assisted in the accompaniments. One is pleased to notice in the work of our church choirs generally a growing improvement as regards details of phrasing, expression and artistic interpretation. The day is rapidly passing by when "fortes" and "pianos" were simply of service to indicate familiarity, or lack of it, with the music on the part of choristers. A resident musician in describing the character of work done by a local organization said of it that, "Their idea of expression was to sing loudly when they knew a passage, and softly when they did not, regardless of what the composer's directions might have been." Fortunately this class of work is gradually disappearing with the general advance in the musical tastes of our people.

The Delasco-Fox recital in St. George's Hall on Friday evening of last week attracted a fashionable and critical audience. Signor Delasco sang a varied selection of songs in his best style and was accorded a very gratifying reception, being several times encored. The violin solos of Mr. Fox again served to demonstrate the superior talent of this gifted young soloist. I have on several occasions expressed the hope in this column that the exceptional natural talent and excellent ability of Mr. Fox might be supplemented by a course of study abroad under leading masters of the older countries. He possesses the true artistic temperament and simply requires the opportunity to develop into an artist of the very front rank. The recital was made specially interesting through the assistance of Mrs. Elinore Fraser Blackstock, solo pianiste, who played compositions by Liszt and Schumann. Mrs. Blackstock interpreted her numbers most artistically, displaying a well developed technique and a refinement of style but too seldom noticed in the performances of piano soloists. The excellence of her work on this occasion justifies the expectation of enlarged future success. The good effect of her studies during the past two years under leading teachers of New York is plainly manifest in increased technical brilliancy, and a repose of style which indicates the thoroughness of her study.

The *Lute*, an English musical journal, in commenting on the question of French music of the present generation, says, "It is comparatively rare to come across a modern French work (excluding, of course, Berlioz and Bizet and one or two more), which has real intellectual strength in it. In refinement, grace of style and workmanship they are, perhaps, unequalled, but for real intellectual quality one must look elsewhere. As a general rule there can be little doubt that the artistic atmosphere of Germany is far higher than that of France. We touched last month on the wonderful musical attainments of the smaller German towns, examples of which might be quoted in Coburg and Meiningen, the latter a small place of some twelve thousand inhabitants. The record of Coburg is extremely striking, especially if we compare it with that of any town twice the size in England." The same writer expresses the rather extreme opinion that in France "Religious music loses itself in purely emotional sensuousness, which is really of no artistic value—it principally alternates between artificial antiquarianism and theatrical voluptuousness, and we have consequently such specimens of church music as Gounod's Masses or The Redemption—one of the most hopeless works of the generation."

I am indebted to the secretary of the Montreal Philharmonic Society for a prospectus of the work undertaken by that society for the present season. For many years past the society named has been the most important and enterprising organization of the kind in Canada. This has been due to two causes principally, namely the enthusiasm of the officers and the genuine musicianship of the conductor, M. Couture. Without a competent musician at the head of a society there will be no permanent enthusiasm or sacrifice on the part of the officers. Artistic results are always the best lever to move the public and inspire those most immediately interested. The Montreal Society this year gives eight performances and produces the following works: The Messiah, Creation, Elijah, Gounod's Redemption, Saint Sæns's Samson and Delilah, Chadwick's Lily Nymph and Wagner's opera Tannhäuser. It will be gathered from this that our Eastern friends are quietly keeping to the front and that they will, at the present rate of progress, soon crowd the leading festival organizations of the United States for supremacy in this field of work, as they have long since hopelessly left Toronto in the rear.

The Harris Orchestral Club of Hamilton gave their eighteenth concert (ninth season) on Tuesday evening of last week. The orchestra, which

was assisted by Mr. Fred Jenkins, tenor, of Cleveland, performed, besides several lighter numbers, Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Humperdinck's Prelude to Hansel and Gretel. To Hamilton belongs the credit of sustaining an orchestra which has made a record surpassing any other local organization in the province. The strength and efficiency of the organization, is, I am informed, constantly increasing and the financial affairs of the orchestra are also in a very healthy condition. This is a tribute to the business management of the Club and to the energy and musicianship of the conductor.

An interesting feature in the course of concerts to be given this season by the Toronto Philharmonic Society will be a miscellaneous concert in addition to the two oratorios announced to be performed. This shows a desire to broaden the platform of the society and to furnish at popular prices such entertainments as will appeal to the various tastes of all lovers of music. The excellent rehearsals recently held under Mr. Anger's baton encourage the expectation of a very successful performance of the Creation, which, as has already been announced, will take place on January 23.

The beautiful chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, on St. Alban's street, was opened on Thursday morning last by appropriate services, in which special attention was given to the music, which was both elaborate and inspiring. A new two-manual pipe organ, by Messrs. Lye & Sons, added much to the effect of the musical portion of the services, its fine tone and general excellence being freely commented on by those present. The chapel itself is one of the most striking and beautiful examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the city and is well worthy of a visit.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

**Musical Editor, Saturday Night:**  
SIR—Our attention has been called to a criticism of the Virgil Practice Clavier which appeared in the columns of *The Week* of December 20 over the signature of the musical critic of that paper, a criticism which, in my opinion, is a piece of work which the clavier had undoubtedly some merits it was an instrument which should be used with extreme caution. We submit for the consideration of readers of SATURDAY NIGHT a criticism of *The Week* article by one who uses both clavier and clavier method, believing it will be of interest to the large number of pianoforte teachers and students who make Toronto their musical home.

Yours very truly,  
GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEING.

"The writer in *The Week* admits that the clavier possesses advantages such as incalculating concentration of mind on technical matters, securing 'supple finger action,' the equal development of both sets of muscles, controlling the fingers as well as those of the wrist and arm." Also that "the clavier, if properly brought out, ensure and develop evenness of action, the up-clicks particularly assisting the student in procuring a free, buoyant and prompt release of the key, which in itself is a strong incentive to clear playing and rapidity of muscular movement." That "it is likewise a valuable aid to memorizing," etc. These things, however, are held by *The Week* critic to be mere externals, and he further goes on to say that music for itself does not end here. Of course not. Those who believe in the clavier go much farther and assert that just at this point music begins.

"It is stated in *The Week* that a beautiful tone should be associated with technique from the beginning with pupils, and that the clavier will not and does not develop musical feeling. According to the clavier method, right mental and physical conditions, right positions and right movements should be secured before combining with these essential factors of piano-playing, the more subtle and emotional elements of tone study. As soon as the proper foundation is laid, then the pupil is taken to the piano and infinitely more satisfactory results are obtained than by the old methods. Did space permit, many arguments might be brought forward to prove that the right use of the clavier does develop qualities in the player which make for beautiful tone production."

"What does the writer in *The Week* mean by saying that 'perfection of phrasing, unity of thought as shown in the works of good composers cannot be rightly conceived,' and that artistic conception, subjectively with intellectual supervision, is thrown aside for probably a well regulated, calculating mechanism? Does he think the clavier exerts some sort of hypnotic influence over the mind of the student, rendering him less capable than before of using his brains? *The Week's* musical critic claims to have the first practice instrument at his disposal, and consequently to speak from positive and practical knowledge. We would suggest the possibility of his overrating the importance of mere lapse of time in this connection. Unless the clavier is used in connection with the method specially written for it, its superior quality is a practice instrument is liable to be greatly underestimated. Doubtless the clavier may be taught and studied in such a way as to make very imperfect players. May not the piano also? We protest, however, against the idea implied in the article in *The Week* that the clavier is intended to wholly take the place of the piano for practice. No intelligent teacher or student uses it except as an adjunct to the piano, and in that capacity it has the endorsement of some of the greatest living pianists and teachers, such as Paderewski, Dr. Pachmann, Dr. William Mason and many others.

The concerts by the famous Theodore Thomas' Chicago orchestra on January 7 and 8 will be among the most important musical events of the present season. This orchestra is beyond any question one of the foremost organizations of the kind in the world. It is also generally conceded that the conductor, Mr. Thomas, is in the front rank of the greatest of living orchestral conductors. It remains for the music-loving people of this city to show their appreciation of the best and noblest in musical art by lending their support to the concert announced to be given in Massey Hall on the dates mentioned.

The service of praise at St. Philip's church on Wednesday evening of last week was well attended, considering the unfavorable condition of the weather. The choir and soloists acquitted themselves very creditably in all their selections and gave much pleasure to those who had gathered to take part in the service. Mr. Anger's organ solos were highly appreciated, as were Mr. Webster's vocal solos. Miss Klingner deserves special mention for her excellent interpretation of Haydn's With Verdure Clad, which she sang with admirable style and in good voice.

I have received for review a clever musical setting of Come Unto Me, the anthem being composed by the talented organist of Carlton street Methodist church, Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The character of the music is admirably suited

to the words, and Mr. Hewlett's work in this sphere of composition indicates the possession of much natural ability and thorough technical study. The anthem is issued by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

A very enjoyable Christmas entertainment and concert was held at the Ontario Institution for the Blind, Brantford, on Friday evening of last week. The character of the selections rendered and the manner in which they were interpreted gave further proof of the efficiency of the musical staff at the institution mentioned, and of the good judgment displayed by Mr. Jaques, the principal of the musical department.

Otto Floerschheim, the well known Berlin, Germany, correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier*, describes the Philharmonic chorus of that city as the finest he has ever heard. As Mr. Floerschheim has heard many of the greatest choruses of the present day in various lands, this is high praise coming from so well qualified and generally outspoken a critic.

I am in receipt of a vocal solo entitled Love Lane, the words by Albert E. S. Smythe and the music by Ella May Smith. The compass of the song is from D to F sharp, and the words and music are both bright and interesting.

MODERATO.

President Faure's Wise Action.

New York Evening Sun.  
President Faure's enemies have been throwing out hints of a story about his marriage, which they intended to use as a shot in the campaign to compel his resignation. His friends have spiked the gun by frankly making the thing public in advance. It turns out to be altogether to the president's credit. This fact will be received with thankfulness by all true Frenchmen and friends of France. It would be altogether deplorable if the intrigues which marked the administration of Casimir-Perier were repeated.

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## Social and Personal.

A trio of school closings last week, which interested a very large number of people, were the Parkdale Collegiate on Thursday, and the Harbord and Jarvis streets Collegiates on Friday. The young people outdid themselves in their efforts this year, and their guests reaped the benefit. Each affair was most enjoyable and largely attended. The closing at the Whitby Ladies' College this year was rendered unusually interesting by the formal opening of the Frances Hall, the namesake of Miss Massey, whose venerable father presented it to the College. D'Alessandro's orchestra played during the evening. Miss Trilix Hamilton, daughter of Colonel Hamilton, O.R., gave a very fine monologue recitation, written by Mrs. Harrison, entitled Behind the Curtain. I hear that Miss Hamilton will perhaps take up elocution as a profession and take a preliminary course of instruction abroad to that end. She is an attractive, gentle and sympathetic girl, full of enthusiasm for her art, and bound to succeed.

Notwithstanding the general business depression it is cheering to state that the Crompton Corset Co., with their usual liberality, have again remembered their employees at Christmas time, by distributing amongst them the handsome sum of \$700.00 in cash. This is an example which many of our large manufacturing concerns might well copy, and to which their employees would offer no serious objection.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard had a pretty Christmas tree and Santa Claus for a merry party of youngsters on Wednesday, following a family dinner.

Herr Ruth spent Christmas week in New York.

Miss Roseline Webb of Inglewood is spending her vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. Geo. W. Webb of Colborne.

The Canadian Society of Musicians gave their annual banquet at Webb's last evening.

## The Fair Virginia.

The play that will open at the Grand Opera House Monday evening is said to be one of the sweetest and smoothest of dramas. Mr. Russ Whytal, the author, is an actor of good quality, and at the end of third act in this play, when it was first presented at the Fifth Avenue theater in New York, received such an ovation as few young actors have had in that house. The story employed is essentially Southern, and yet the Northern sentiment during the trying period of the late unpleasantness commands the amount of serious attention requisite to holding the pleasure of all classes of theater-goers.

It is a clean, wholesome play, containing some nice comedy and plenty of interest without any rant. Mr. and Mrs. Whytal are supported, we understand, by a good company, and this should prove a capital attraction for New Year's week.

## The Triumph of Corticelli

An Exposition Victory Which is Sure to Meet With the Endorsement of the Public.

Of course the Corticelli Silk Company has carried off one of the gold medals awarded in the department of manufactures. This was expected, and it is an award which the public, and especially the ladies, will most heartily endorse.

There was possibly no exhibit in the manufacturing building which represented a company so old and so well and so favorably known as the Corticelli Silk Company of Florence, Mass., sole proprietors of the Corticelli silks. These silks have been famous for years, and the display made at the Cotton States and International Exposition is one of the finest and most interesting that the company has ever made at any world's fair. It has attracted attention of visitors from the day the exposition opened, and the lady folks especially were deeply interested in the exhibit.

This company has won so many medals in the years that have gone that winning highest honors is no new thing, but it nevertheless appreciates this one, since it was awarded only after a competitive test. The various brands exhibited at the exposition were subjected to severe tests, covering all points necessary or desired in silk, and the victory for Corticelli is all the greater when it is learned that the jurors were men of high standing in the mercantile trades, being members of four of the largest and most prominent wholesale and retail houses in this country, and that they were thoroughly familiar with silk and silk goods.

If the jury of awards had been composed of ladies it would doubtless have wished to set the Corticelli gold medal with diamonds.

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Monsieur E. Masson, teacher of French, remembers himself to all his new and old pupils and informs them that he has moved to 67 Grosvenor street, where he is ready to take a few more applications.

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No better presents can be made for  
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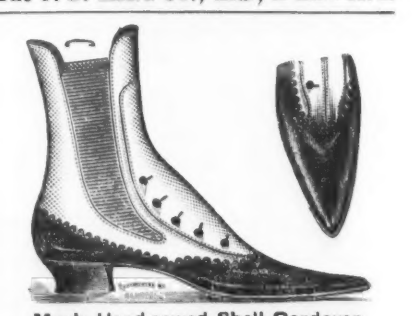
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Nothing pleases the Ladies  
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give your Lady Friend a  
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AT

The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 79 KING ST. E.



Men's Hand-sewed Shell Cordovan  
Invincible cork soles. This shoe is just the shoe you want  
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WILL SING AT EVERY PERFORMANCE OF  
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By Mr. Russ Whytal

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Sherries—Manzanilla, very dry, \$9 and \$10  
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Brown Sherry—The choicest brown Vino de  
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Champagne—Vin d'Ere, a choice, light and  
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A Democratic paper talks about the Republi-  
cans contemplating a raid on the Treasury.  
What, raid a deficit? You might as well try  
to steal a post-hole. —Cincinnati Tribune.

These are the days when hapless pa-  
pers are forced to ante, 'cause  
The children have been putting up  
Petitions to old Santa Clause.  
—Indianapolis Journal.

He (gleefully)—So, my dear, you have every-  
thing you want, now— She (innocently)—  
Why, you simple man! There's another pay  
day before Christmas! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
"But you surely owe something to your  
fellow man," said the genial citizen to the per-  
son who sneers at holidays. "I know it," was  
the reply. "But I won't be able to tell just  
how much till the bills for my wife's Christmas  
shopping come in." —Washington Star.

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This makes the Fifteenth Gold Medal awarded at World's Ex-  
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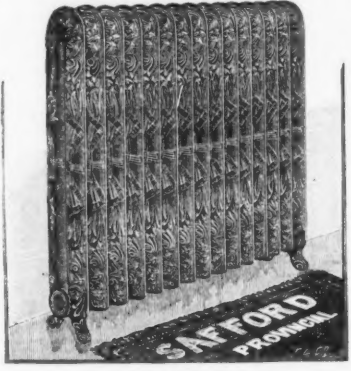
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They are constructed without Bolts or Packing and cannot leak.



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## Special Clearing Prices in FURS

Capes...

Quality No. 1 Greenland Seal Capes, \$28, for \$22.  
Best quality Astrachan Capes, \$27, for \$21.  
Electric Seal Capes, trimmed Thibet, \$45, for \$35.

Muffs...

1 lot Muffs in Assyrian Goat and Oppossum, \$1, worth \$2.  
Black Astrachan Muffs, \$4.50 for \$3.25.  
Greenland Seal Muffs, \$3.75, for \$2.75.  
Black Persian Lamb Muffs, \$8.50, for \$6.50.  
Alaska Sable Muffs, \$12, for \$9.75.  
S. S. Seal Muffs, \$20, for \$16.

Neck Ruffs...

Mink, with spring head, \$4, for \$2.90.  
Columbia Sable Ruffs, \$4.75, for \$3.50.  
Alaska Sable Ruffs, \$7.50, for \$5.75.  
Alaska Sable Ruffs, extra length, \$13, for \$10.

The quality of these Furs are not surpassed at the regular prices  
by any house in the trade. Embrace this opportunity now offered  
of GETTING THE GREATEST VALUE OF THE SEASON.

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# McKENDRY'S

Saturday, Dec. 28.

CHRISTMAS is over but  
another great holiday just  
close ahead. It seems as if  
no time in the year is more  
appropriate to give expres-  
sion of good wishes to your  
friends than at

## New Year's Day

The Christmas trade of the  
store was by long odds the  
greatest in our history.  
People of good taste and  
critical judgment gave us  
the "palm" for having the  
prettiest things for sale to  
be had in town. Although  
the stock is not what it was,  
yet we have a good assort-  
ment left and have marked  
prices down very substan-  
tially, so that readers of  
SATURDAY NIGHT can rely  
on being able to buy New  
Year's gifts here at less  
money than they have to  
pay elsewhere.

FANS  
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WHITE METAL NOVEL-  
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SILVERWARE  
NEEDLEWORK  
HANDKERCHIEFS  
BASKETS  
SATIN SACHETS  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Please call at the store and  
see the bargains or, if you  
live out of town, write us  
about you needs.

McKENDRY & CO  
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Yonge St.  
TORONTO

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## New Year's Rates

### SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Going December 31, January 1  
Returning January 2, 1896

### Single First-Class Fare and One-Third

Going December 28 to January 1  
Returning January 7, 1896

HUMBERSTONE—Dec. 22, Thomas Humberstone, aged 84.  
MURRAY—Hamilton, Dec. 20, Mary Fraser Murray.  
MULVEY—Dec. 22, John Mulvey, aged 61.  
NICHOLSON—Dec. 21, Amelia Nicholson, aged 50.  
DYSON—Dec. 22, Abner Dyson, aged 69.  
HARVEY—Dec. 21, Maria Louise Harvey, aged 54.  
MICHAEL—Dec. 21, James Robertson Michael.  
CAMPBELL—Dec. 20, Richard J. Campbell.  
GILMORE—Dec. 18, Robert Gilmore, aged 78.  
HOLMSTED—Dec. 19, Elizabeth Sarah Holmsted, aged 82.  
REYNOLDS—Dec. 19, Walter Reynolds, aged 35.  
GLOYS—Philadelphia, Dec. 18, Mabel Gloys, aged 14.  
ANDER—Dec. 19, Rev. T. Alexander, aged 50.  
GEINGTON—Dec. 19, Arnold Geington, aged 9.  
CLIFFORD—Dec. 17, Herbert Clifford, aged 27.  
JENNINGS—Dec. 15, Mary Jennings, aged 82.  
REAGH—Dec. 19, Catherine Reagh, aged 78.  
BARNETT—Dec. 23, Shaw Barnett, aged 18.  
FELL—Dec. 22, Mrs. F. M. Fell, aged 74.  
LETTERS—Dec. 21, John Letters, aged 50.  
CARNAHAN—Dec. 22, Mary Carnahan, aged 62.  
IRWIN—Dec. 24, John Day Irwin, aged 63.

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DENTIST  
Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 2138. Hours, 9-5.  
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Cut Glass Vases

60c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each

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25c, 50c and 75c each

Cut Glass Syrups (plated top)

\$1.50 each

Cut Glass Sugar Sifters

\$1.00 each

JOSEPH IRVING

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ELWOOD—At Oxbow, N. W. T., Dec. 3, Mrs. E. Lindsay  
Elwood—a son.  
MERSEY—Boston, Dec. 8, Mrs. Alfred Mersey—a son.  
HANCOCK—Dec. 15, Mrs. H. Hancock—twins, one still-  
born.  
ROBINSON—Warkenton, Dec. 18, Mrs. S. F. Robinson—a  
son, still-born.  
HOWLAND—Dec. 19, Mrs. Peleg Howland—a son.  
COX—84 Kila, Dec. 18, Mrs. R. G. Cox—a son.  
NIELSEN—Dec. 17, Mrs. D. J. Gibb Nielsen—a son.  
ANGLIN—Dec. 22, Mrs. A. W. Anglin—a daughter.  
WHELAN—Dec. 23, Mrs. Charles Whelan—a daughter.  
MCACHERN—Dec. 22, Mrs. Peter McEachern—a daughter.  
BERTON—Dec. 21, Mrs. A. M. Berton—a daughter.  
JENNINGS—Dec. 23, Mrs. F. G. Jennings—a daughter.  
WILMOT—Dec. 21, Mrs. Charles Wilmot—a daughter.  
McFAUL—Dec. 22, Mrs. A. M. McFaul—a son.

Marriages.

BASTO—SCARLETT—On Dec. 10, 1895, at Cobourg, by  
Rev. W. J. Joffe. Anna Bell, youngest daughter of  
the late Edward Scarlett (Inspector of Schools), to J.  
Nella Basto, Pae Act. A. T. & S. Fe Rr., eldest  
son of J. R. Basto, 82 Wilcox street, Toronto.  
CARROLL—BARTON—Dec. 17, by Rev. Louis Wood,  
John W. Carroll to Ella Burton.  
BUDGE—LOWES—Dec. 25, Rev. A. L. Budge to Eva M.  
Lowe.  
FLEMING—CRONKRIGHT—Dec. 23, Alex. Fleming to  
Alice Cronkright.  
BETTES—BURROUGHS—Dec. 18, Sheriff Bettes of Brace-  
bridge to Gussie Burrows.  
CLARK—ROBERTS—Dec. 23, Alexander Stewart Clarke  
to Eliza with Jane Roberts.  
WEBB—KENNEDY—Dec. 23, Frank L. Webb to Eva M.  
Kennedy.  
GUTHRIE—SCARFF—Guelph, Dec. 10, Hugh Guthrie to  
Maud Scarff.  
TURNER—SWEETMAN—Dec. 10, William Harrington  
Turner to Laura Sweetman.  
KING—MUNRO—Dec. 19, Gerard A. King to Emily  
Brenda Munro.  
THEAL—MURPHY—Dec. 19, John W. Theal to Clara  
Florence Murphy.  
HAND—MCACHERN—Dec. 21, Thomas George Hand to  
Augusta Edith McEachern.

Deaths.

CHAPMAN—Dec. 22, Rebecca Chapman.  
COBB—St. Peterburg, Dec. 21, John Barriett Cobb.